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The BYSTANDER

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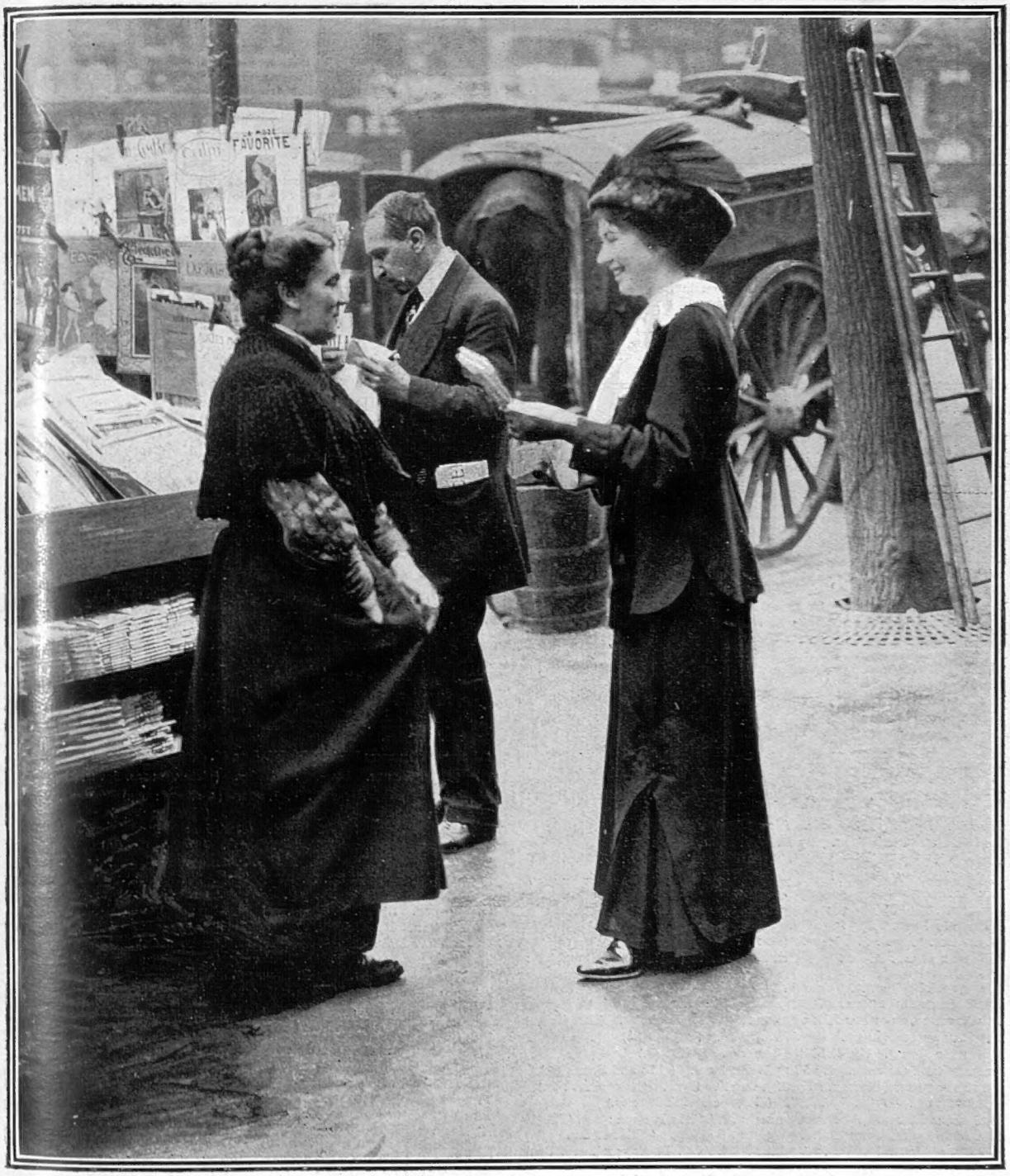

MISS CHRISTABEL PANKHURST IN PARIS

Miss P.: "And you do not want the vote in Paris?"
Newswoman: "But why, mam'zelle? Here women rule without it"

[*Dialogue by* THE BYSTANDER]

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CAPTAINS ALL. By W. W. Jacobs. (Hodder and Stoughton: 1s. net.)
MY ESCAPES. By a Bachelor. (Long: 6s.)
WILHELMINA IN LONDON. By Barry Pain. (Long: 1s net.)
THE RED STREAK. By Wilmot Kaye. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
THE MARBLE APHRODITE. By A. Kirby Gill. (Paul: 6s.)
ALEXANDER'S BRIDGES. By Willa S. Cather. (Heinemann: 2s. net.)
THE VIGIL OF VENUS AND OTHER POEMS. By Sir A. Quil-er-Couch. (Methuen: 3s. 6d. net.)
THE HAPPY FAMILY. By F. Swinnerton. (Methuen: 6s.)
SALLY. By Dorothea Conyers. (Methuen: 6s.)
OMAR KHAYYAM. By J. H. Hallard, M.A. (Rivington: 2s. 6d. net.)
LIFE UNDERSTOOD. By F. L. Rawson. (Crystal Press: 7s. 6d. net.)
THE MAN WHO SAVED AUSTRIA. By M. Hartley. (Mills and Boon: 10s. 6d. net.)
THE FIVE OF SPADES. By Mrs. Champion de Crespigny. (Mills and Boon: 6s.)
CAVIARE. By Grant Richards. (Grant Richards.)
THE GIRL FROM THE EAST. By D. Whitelaw. (Greening: 6s.)
CHINA JIM. By Major-General J. T. Harris. (Heinemann: 3s. 6d. net.)
MAY I TELL YOU A STORY? By Helen Mar. (Century Press: 2s. 6d. net.)
THE REVELATIONS OF JIM CROW. (Century Press: 2s.)
MEMORIES. By F. Wedmore. (Methuen: 7s. 6d. net.)
DESIGNING FATE. By J. Sandes. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
MRS. AMES. By E. T. Benson. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
A BOTTLE IN THE SMOKE. By Mrs. Milne Rae. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
LAMORNA. By Mrs. A. Sidgwick. (Methuen: 6s.)
THE DILEMNA OF ENGELTIE. By Emma Rayner. (Cassell: 6s.)
THE ADVENTURES OF NAPOLEON PRINCE. By May Edginton. (Cassell: 6s.)
THE MAN AT LONE LAKE. By Virna Sheard. (Cassell: 6s.)
A DURBAR BRIDE. By Charlotte Cameron. (Paul: 6s.)
AT LAVENDER COTTAGE. By Mary L. Pendered. (Mills and Boon: 6s.)
THE MARRIAGE OF KETTLE. By C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne. (Heinemann: 6s.)
LARKMEADOW. By M. Pickthall. (Chatto and Windus: 6s.)
MY PARISIAN YEAR. By Maude Annesley. (Mills and Boon: 10s. 6d. net)
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THE ROMANCE OF BAYARD. By Lieut.-Col. A. C. P. Haggard. (S. Paul and Co.: 6s.)
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THAT REMINDS ME. (Simpkin and Marshall: 2s. 6d. net.)
THE LIVING WAGE. By P. Snowden, M.P. (Hodder and Stoughton 1s. net.)
THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND THE PEACE OF THE WORLD. By A. H. Fried. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"
—PISTOL (*modified*)

Forgetting England

Mr. Winston Churchill's father is nowadays largely remembered for a certain feat of forgetfulness. He forgot Goschen. The son—a greater man than the father, perhaps—will, unless he is very careful, commit a greater act of forgetfulness still. In his last speech, he is forgetting England. This federal scheme which he has cooked up for us—let us look at it one moment. Ireland, Scotland, Wales, each is to have a separate national Parliament. But England—no! England is too big, too populous, too powerful. She must be split up into ten little Parliaments—one for Lancashire, another for Yorkshire, another for the Midlands, another for London—and so on and so forth.

* *
*

A Shock to Patriotism

Mr. Churchill's reason seems suddenly to have forsaken him. Does he suppose that, the people of England having conceded national rights to Scots, Irish and Welsh, they are going to throw away their own? That the countrymen of Alfred, and Chaucer, and Shakespeare, and Drake, Newton and Nelson, and Fox and Pitt are going suddenly to cease being Englishmen to become instead Lancastrians, Yorkists, Midlanders, Londoners, or heaven knows what other pettifogging thing? I have not had occasion lately to be seriously angry with Mr. Churchill, but really he has now given my patriotism the grossest shock it has had this century. It is high time he went (this time at the nation's willing expense) for another prolonged yachting tour.

* *
*

England in Danger

The obvious fact is that Ministers have got themselves into a hopeless mess over their Home Rule scheme, and to get out of it are willing to go to any lengths. Before, it was merely the Union that was in danger: now it is England's very national existence.

* *
*

Midlothian

Additions to the strength of the Opposition, however gained, are always welcome; so, of course, being "agin' the Government," we welcomed Midlothian. Major Hope's entry to Parliament docks another two of the coalition majority, so what matters it whether he represents the minority of his constituents? As to that, so would Mr. Shaw or Mr. Brown had either been returned. The pleasant habit of the Ministerialists of lumping their own and the Labour totals together and calling the whole "Progressive" really will not do. We are all progressives nowadays, each in our different way. In the eyes of many Labour men, the Radical party is no more progressive than the Unionist, and, as Mr. Snowden has reminded us, a working man is quite as likely to be found voting one way as the other. But there! As we said over Manchester, this quibbling over the result of a round in a game is unsportmanlike. A seat is a seat, and all the leading articles will not shift Major Hope from Midlothian.

* *
*

What is Society Journalism?

All congratulations to *Vanity Fair* and to "Marmaduke" on their approaching union. Mr. Jerningham has, I see, let us into the secret at last as to what a Society journal really is—"not one

THE ELECTION AT MIDLOTHIAN

Resulted in a victory for the Unionist candidate by thirty-two votes. Had the "Progressive" vote not been split by the intervention of the Labour party, the Unionist majority would, no doubt, have been about two thousand more, most of the Labour voters being against the Government

written about people in Society but by people in Society." We have reason to thank Marmaduke for the negative but not for the positive part of his definition. If it would be a blessing for—say—*Vanity Fair* to be free from the necessity to write only *about* the people in question, it will be rather a nuisance if it has to confine itself to being written *by* them. Marmaduke himself, well and good! But experience teaches that people in Society either cannot or will not write about themselves—certainly not in the critical fashion that will make them interesting to others. Personal friendships and ambitions: the need to keep "certain things" out of the public eye: an over-regard for the rules of the game—there would be as much chance for Society being properly reported only by people in Society as for the theatres by actors and actresses, and diplomacy by diplomatists.

***

"Harriet"—and Scandal

A Society journalist, however much he may like to keep his back staircase clean, can never do without it. There must always be some sort of "Harriet" somewhere. Marmaduke will bar out "scandal." Well, with the seeker after scandal we have no sympathy, but what of the scandal that seeks after you? Is that also taboo, and, if so, is one serving the public by keeping quiet about it?

***

"Politics" in Belfast

So Belfast has had a football riot, a few broken heads, and so forth. No, I decline to see in these stray manifestations of bloodthirsty bigotry any argument whatsoever on the Home Rule problem. If football teams composed of Roman Catholics must persist in playing teams composed of Protestants, there will be trouble, whether Ulster remains within the Union or without, and I doubt if there will ever be anything else. When the rest of the world is united with the New Jerusalem, bottles will still be thrown by rival fanatics in Belfast.

***

A Barbarous Exhibition

Japan seems in critical humour over the suicide of General and Countess Nogi. The modern spirits are none too pleased at this ghastly suggestion to the civilised world that Japan is still animated by such barbarous beliefs as that it is the duty of anybody whatsoever to kill himself in order to "follow" a dead Emperor. As to the rest of the world, it would have been impressed, perhaps, had the General taken his life as an expression of grief on hearing the news of his Emperor's death; but to await the psychological moment of the interment, and to commit the act then, suggests theatricality and a stoicism which belongs to the region of hysteria. Probably such a horrible incident will never occur again, and by the time—long distant one hopes—of the decease of the present Emperor, the religious ideas of Old Japan will have themselves gone to their well-deserved rest. We do not ourselves admire the act of sacrificing life when life is avowedly regarded as valueless. Heroism is the sacrifice of life that *is* valued.

***

Mais Porquoi, Madame?

A disliker, on all occasions, of fuss, I am keeping quite quiet on the subject of the sixty-ninth birthday of Sarah Bernhardt. A seventieth birthday, in the case of so great a celebrity, is well and good, but why a sixty-ninth—unless it really is her seventieth, and the Press Agent is gallant?

THE TWO ELIZABETHS

The Real Elizabeth (on the approach of Miss Neilson-Terry): "Grammercy! Whom have we here? A baggage masquerading in our trappings. Comely and well-favoured too, i' faith, but lacking all our Tudor loveliness"

By E. T. Reed

***

Too Pretty!

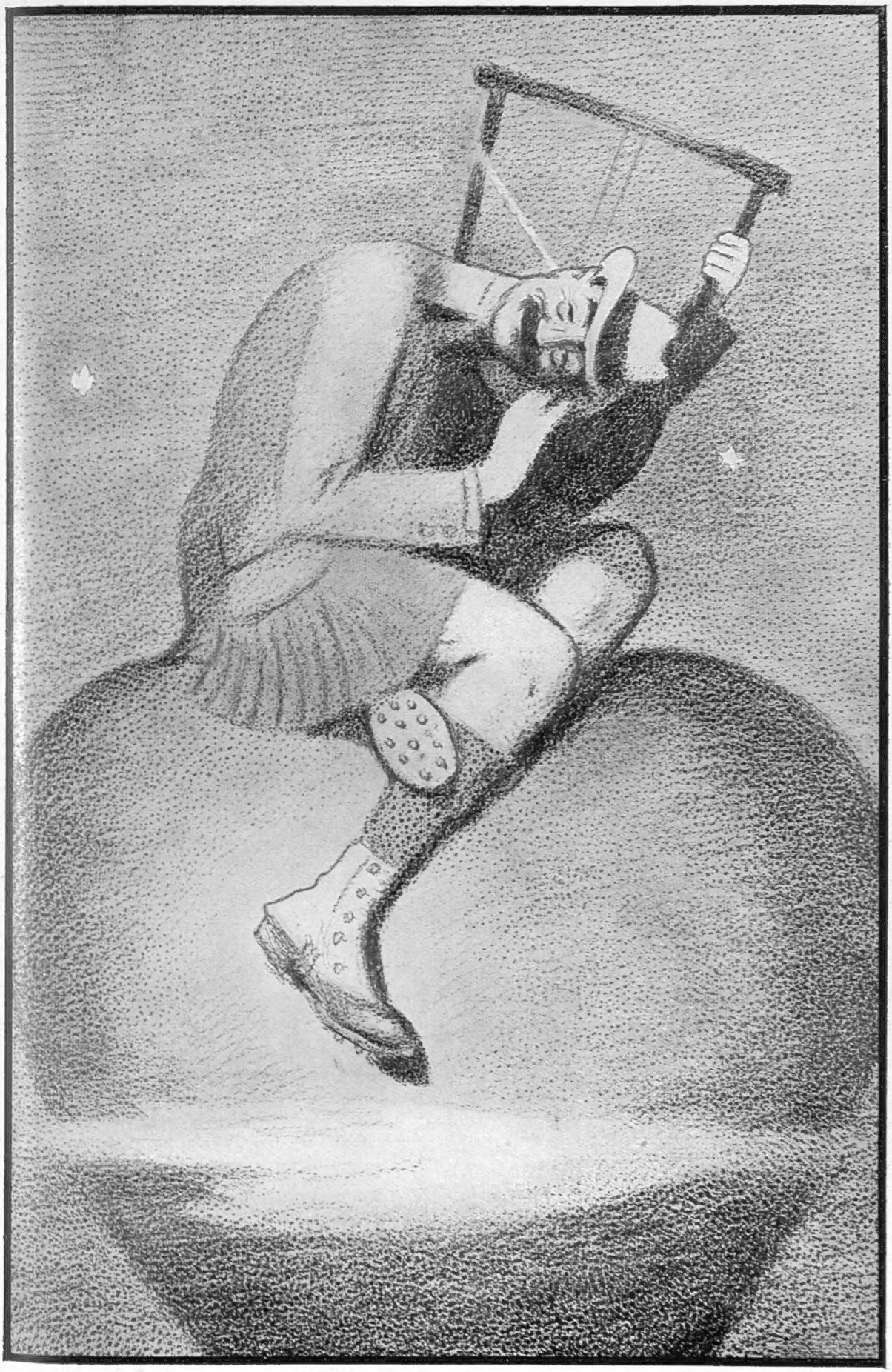
Our cartoon on this page offers a mild protest against the stage-beautification of historical personages notoriously the reverse of beautiful. Stage realism advances slowly, but may we hope that in a few years some manager will arise who will present us with historical characters as they probably really were? Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer gave us some admirable suggestions in his series of novels dealing with the reign of Henry VIII. In view of the possibility of his ideas finding stage realisation, our young actors are to be advised to start vulgarising themselves without the least delay.

***

Do We Need "Moralities"?

Every success to *Everywoman*, coupled with pious doubts whether the present British public is any more in the mood for "moralities" on the stage than it was for spectacular orgies of the *Miracle* and *Oedipus* type before it was bullied into going to see them. Our interest on the stage of to-day is to see our very interesting selves presented as we see each other in real life, and characters depicting abstractions such as Virtue, Vice, Modesty, and so on and so forth, however well they make up to look like their rôles, are little likely to carry conviction. Nevertheless, every wish for the success of *Everywoman*. Nobody wishes the public taste to reveal itself before an expensive production has at least had a run for its money.

"Hope," and the Heart of Midlothian



With acknowledgments and apologies to Watts's famous picture

BY E. T. REED

The Bystander in Society

A Royal Devotee of the Dance

FEW people have been inclined to credit the Queen with a weakness for the more frivolous pastimes, so that to many, even of those who are closely in touch with the Court, it has come as a considerable surprise to hear that Her Majesty is extraordinarily fond of dancing, and that to watch the gyrations of others is almost as fascinating to her as to join in them herself. Somehow, Queen Mary does not, by her appearance, convey the idea of an individuality possessing many weaknesses, but her love of dancing is certainly one. So much so, that it is said she "could have cried with disappointment" at having to forego the pleasure of being present at the Derby Night Ball given by the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire last season, for she "had been looking forward to it for weeks." Many of those commanded to attend the Court Balls also received a hint—coming from headquarters—that if they wished to please the Queen by their toilettes, they must come in "dancing frocks," not with encumbering trains that would prevent their joining in the dance. Given a season without a succession of periods of Court mourning, we may take it for granted, therefore, that hostesses will once more vie with each other in giving "Royal Balls."

—•••—

Why?

One wonders was it ignorance of this feminine weakness in our Queen that was the guiding principle, when some of our prominent Anglo-American society leaders suddenly gave up participating in such a frivolous pastime as dancing, and took to giving only dinners and musicales? *Qui sait?*

—•••—

Two American Favourites

Speaking of our Anglo-American notabilities reminds one that just after the death of the late King, several American papers raised quite a scare among their aspiring society women by stating that Queen Mary had so violent a dislike for Americans, that it was doubtful whether they would ever again be received in the Court circle on such intimate terms as formerly. The utter absurdity of this is very apparent, for the Duchess of Roxburghe is one of the Queen's prime favourites, and therein, her friends feel, she finds her reward for her abstention from sharing in many of last season's gaieties. In this respect she has changed much from the "May Goelet" of her maiden days.

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

THE DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE

Who enjoys the close personal friendship of Her Majesty the Queen, whose hostess she is to be at Floors this autumn

—•••—

Doncaster

That Doncaster is shorn of half its attractions since it is no longer patronised by the reigning Sovereign is very palpable. How many of the notable hosts and hostesses of former days now cease to entertain parties for that northern meeting where the late King Edward always received so enthusiastic a welcome! It is true that Lord and Lady Savile again this year entertained a party, but even that cannot stand out with the *éclat* of former days. Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Beckett no longer keep open house for the week; Mr. and Mrs. Gervase Beckett have not entertained at their place near Leeds since the new reign began; Escrick is to be let, as the present chatelaine, Miss Irene Lawley, finds her funds absolutely crippled by the heavy death duties; and even Lady Galway now elects to remain abroad, instead of having a party of friends at Serlby Hall, as she never failed to do formerly; and for the past two autumn meetings the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle have been debarred from entertaining at Clumber owing to mourning.

—•••—

Inverness Week

House-parties are beginning to assemble in the neighbourhood of Inverness for the coming Northern Meeting, and it is a noticeable fact that a large percentage of the "Scottish lairds" entertaining for it are Americans. At Balmacaan, Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin have with them Lord and Lady Craven and young Lord Uffington, Lord Leigh, Mrs. Joseph Stickney, Mrs. Edmund Bayliss, Prince de Lucinge, Mr. Hugh Warrender, Mrs. Newhouse, Colonel Swayne, Mr. William Gillett, Mr. Charles Harris, Mr. Frank Murrieta, and Mr. Fred Townsend Martin, brother of the host. The party will be augmented by the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby with their eldest daughter, Countess Zia, who are going up for the Sports and Balls, and another guest who was to join them on Tuesday (September 17) was Mrs. Ronalds.

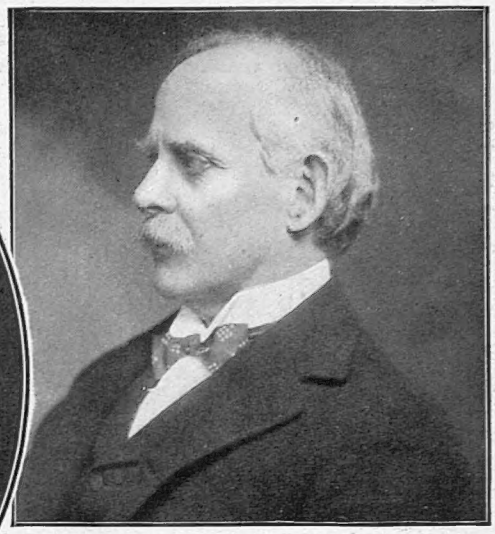
Prominent People of the Moment

IN SOCIETY, DIPLOMACY, ART AND LETTERS

Photograph *Dover Street Studios*

LORD ROSSMORE

Whose book, "Things I Can Tell," is proving the principal Society attraction of the autumn publishing season



Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

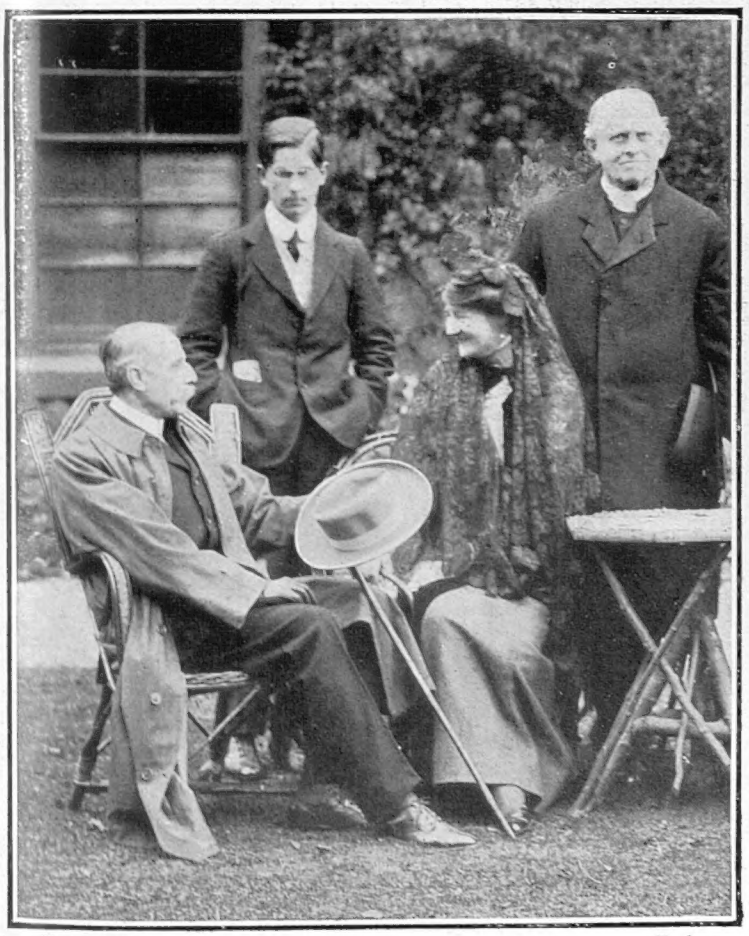
MR. C. E. JERNINGHAM

New editor-proprietor of "Vanity Fair"—well known as "Marmaduke"

Photograph *Lafayette*

MRS. BRADLEY MARTIN

One of the principal hostesses for the Northern Meeting at Inverness, who entertains a large party at Balmacaan



Photograph *Tucker*

FAMOUS COMPOSER OF THE PRESENT AND ACTRESS OF THE PAST

Sir Edward Elgar talking to Mme. de Navarro, formerly Miss Mary Anderson. Sir Edward is the musical man of the moment, for his new cantata is the "chef d'œuvre" of the Birmingham Festival on October 1. On the right is the Dean of Hereford, and standing is the son of Mme. de Navarro

M. SAZONOFF

The Russian Foreign Minister, who is paying a most important visit to the King at Balmoral, where "conversations" will also take place with Sir Edward Grey

The Highland Games Begin

A Tragic Event

Not since the sad death of Lady Marjorie Erskine on the Scottish moors, just two years ago, has any sadder event occurred than the death of Miss Ghita Stanhope, which took place last Tuesday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Moreton Frewen. That the unfortunate girl was not mentally responsible at the time is undeniable, for Miss Ghita Stanhope was a most charming and very attractive personality. She was the most intimate friend of Mr. and Mrs. Moreton Frewen's only daughter, and officiated as her chief bridesmaid when Miss Clare Frewen became Mrs. Wilfred Sheridan. Miss Ghita invariably helped at the Duchess of Sutherland's Scottish Industries sales, and was everywhere an all-round favourite. In manner she carried about her a slight reminiscence of the bearing of a girl of the early Victorian period, a dainty quaintness and gentleness, very refreshing in this day of *brusquerie*, and often of forwardness, but a manner which would certainly not convey the possibility of so tragic an end. She had devoted herself to an invalid mother for several years, and this may have preyed on her own health. *Requiescat!*

AT THE OBAN GAMES

Mr. Niall D. Campbell (on left), with the McClachlan of McClachlan, attended the Argyllshire Gathering last week. Mr. Campbell is a nephew of the Duke of Argyll, and will one day succeed to the Dukedom

The Chancellor's Retreat

In his choice of a "retreat" near London Mr. Lloyd George is more open than his chief. Not by the shady riverside is he to seek quiet, but on the open heathside. The Chancellor has, I understand, secured the site for a residence on Walton Heath; but, though the golf is good, nowhere in the kingdom does feeling run more strongly against the Land Taxer than in such districts as these, while even the caddies are said to be muttering ominously at the prospect of having such a patron. At Walton, Mr. George will be a very near neighbour of—Lord Rosebery!

A Norfolk House-Party

The house-party season has set in with its usual ferocity. Cora, Lady Strafford and Mr. Kennard—her husband—have been entertaining a week-end party at Houghton this last week, their guests including Prince Alexander of Battenberg with five brother officers of the Grenadier Guards, Captain and Mrs. Myles Ponsonby, Sir

THE OBAN REGATTA: LADY INVERCLYDE ARM-IN-ARM WITH HER DAUGHTERS, THE HON. MISSES EMILY AND MURIEL BURNS, LANDING FROM THE "EMERALD"

People from all parts of the country flocked to the Argyllshire Gathering at Oban last week. The sports and regatta were held in delightful weather (how long it is since that adjective could be applied), which was all the more appreciated because so unexpected

Classic—But Chilly—Doncaster

ARCTIC WEATHER FOR THE FIRST AND FOREMOST AUTUMN RACE-MEETING

A VIEW OF THE SCENE IN THE PADDOCK LAST WEEK

This year's Doncaster will long be remembered for the Arctic climate. Indeed, the thermometer stood at quite a mid-winter temperature. The absence of the King also had a depressing effect upon the meeting, as many of the hosts and hostesses of former days, when King Edward was always present, have ceased to entertain, though Lord and Lady Savile were among the faithful few who gave parties again this year.

A Coming Blenheim Entente?

Henry and Lady Stephenson, and Lord and Lady Monson, and several young people, a very cheery party, the additional attraction for the men being the good shooting.

Royal Intermediaries

Then, too, there is the Duchess of Marlborough; with what tactful insistence have their Majesties drawn her into the immediate Court circle? Not a dinner given for the King and Queen but that she was one of the invited guests, "by their desire," and, incidentally, to most of these functions the Duke of Marlborough was likewise bidden. The inference to be drawn is too obvious for explanation, even were it not generally known that mutual devotion to the two boys may yet bring about a truce very much desired at Court, where last season the young Duchess was *persona grata* at all functions.

Cherchez les Enfants

In issuing invitations even for the Royal Garden Party at Marlborough House last year, cards requesting the presence of the "Duke and Duchess of Marlborough" were sent both to Sunderland House and to Blenheim. The two boys, by the way, *love* Blenheim and hate London and the Continent, while they are equally devoted to father and mother, whose chief aim is to insure their boys having a good time in their holidays—hence!

Photograph LORD BLANDFORD [*Sport and General*

(Duke of Marlborough's eldest son) presenting rosette to winner of jumping competition at the Woodstock Agricultural Show

"No Bad Language!"

The Prince of Wales must be regarding his coming period of residence at Magdalen with somewhat mixed feelings. He is a singularly shy, nervous boy, and whatever the faults of the present day undergraduate may be, he certainly cannot be said to be that. It is pretty well known, writes a correspondent, that the Prince felt anything but at home during his first week or two in the gun-room mess of the *Hindustan*, and although the Captain expressed a desire (and all naval men know what it means when "the owner" condescends to "express a desire") that all gun-room language should be strictly moderated during His Royal Highness's stay on board, I hear that "Princie" (as he was familiarly called) was somewhat startled at a few samples of what his *confrères* considered to be moderate language.

"Champagne, Please!"

Apropos of the Prince's stay on the *Hindustan* an amusing little story is added. When asked one day to have a drink by a brother officer, he responded by saying he would drink "the usual." Whereupon the other young gentleman summoned the steward and ordered two whiskies-and-sodas. "Thanks very much," the Prince remarked, "but when I said 'the usual' I—er—meant champagne." At first the brother officer suspected a practical joke, but a glance at the Prince's face soon dispelled *that* illusion, and champagne it had to be!

Photograph *Topical*

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

Engaged in an occupation which, in these days of militant Ulsteria, must be described as a very homely one—examining swedes at the Woodstock Agricultural Show. Above is given some interesting news concerning the present relations of the Duke with he Duchess

Returned from South Africa

LADY BAILEY

The wife of the celebrated financier, Sir Abe Bailey, to whom she was married last autumn. Lady Bailey is the daughter of Lord Rossmore, whose "Things I Can Tell" is one of the books of the autumn season. We are sorry to hear that Lady Bailey has brought back from South Africa an unwelcome souvenir in the shape of malaria

Photograph *Val L'Estrange*

A Foreign Prince Who Has "Butted In"

Venice and Again Venice

Venice is this year *par excellence* the Continental resort of Society-seekers of the autumn sun. In addition to those already there, the Duchess of Rutland with Lady Diana Manners has recently arrived, and they are dividing their time between Lord and Lady Anglesey's yacht, Lady Cunard's Palazzo, and Mr. Anthony Drexel's house, for he, too, has taken a residence there for some weeks, and has just had Miss Yznaga, sister of the late Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, and of Lady Lister-Kaye, staying with him. Mrs. "Ben" Guinness—she was Miss Bridget Bulkeley, Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley's sister—has likewise turned her steps Venice-ward before returning to her New York home; the Marchese di Rudini is also making a short stay, and now the latest recruits are Prince Christopher of Greece, Count Elsdon and Mrs. Hwfa Williams.

Superstition in Society

Prince Christopher of Greece, by the way, who has just returned from Denmark, whither he went with Queen Alexandra, has made himself a great favourite in English Society, and has accordingly had a remarkably good time over here. The enthusiasm with which he enters into everything he takes up can be seen from one of last season's incidents. A new star had arisen in the world of clairvoyants, palmists and thought-readers, to which Society is always quick to turn when in doubt or difficulty, a Japanese who undertook to answer any questions you chose to ask. The questions were written down by the questioner, who kept the paper closely folded in his own hand. The new Eastern wizard professed to have no previous knowledge of what you had written, but he certainly quoted your questions and gave you your answers, satisfactory and otherwise. *Everybody* went to him, and, of the everybody, Prince Christopher was one. So delighted was he with the result of the first visit, that he scarcely let two days pass during his stay in London without consulting the wise man from the East, and, in fact, undertook nothing important without first finding out if the fates were favourable. The superstition-microbe dies hard!

Photograph *Behringer*

PRINCE CHRISTOPHER OF GREECE

Whose recent stay in London has made him "persona grata" in Society here

The Dutch Vogue

Mrs. George Keppel is becoming quite a cosmopolitan hostess: after spending so long a time at Colombo, where she entertained many of her friends, she returned to Town, for the first time in two years, just to introduce her elder girl, and now she has taken Baroness "Daisy" de Brienen's house in Holland, where they two will be joint hostesses, for they have become almost inseparable since their prolonged stay together in the East. Mrs. Keppel has been visiting Lord and Lady Savile at Rufford Abbey, and attended the York Races before returning to Holland.

Invalids from Abroad

Lady Bailey has been far from well since her return from South Africa with Sir Abe, having brought with her an unpleasant reminiscence of a malarial form, which she has had some difficulty in throwing off. Another sufferer from a similar complaint is Mrs. James Forbes, who contracted it in India.

Items Theatrical

I understand that a play by Mr. Galsworthy called *The Eldest Son* will be produced by Mr. Granville Barker at the Kingsway Theatre in the near future, and also that Mr. Arnold Bennett will have his new play, *The Great Adventure*, produced under the same management this season. It is quite possible that the part of "Drake," when Mr. Lyn Harding goes to America, will be sustained by Mr. Frederick Ross.

London Nights Entertainments

THREE IMPORTANT AUTUMN PRODUCTIONS

"REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM" AT THE GLOBE THEATRE

THIS is a modern play of the amorphous kind in which the story is almost entirely subordinated to sketches of character. The heroine, however, whose full name is Rebecca Rowena Randall, is such a particularly sweet example of artless childhood, that she may well attract considerable attention. Her business is to go through life and right the little wrongs of other people; and although this is a business which, in the words of the great Athenian poet, "wants doing," Rebecca achieves a good deal of success as she goes along.

The play is remarkable for the sheer excellence of its acting in all respects; while the stage management is quite admirable. In the course of her wanderings, Rebecca finds a girl who has a baby but no wedding-ring; and as she gathers, without any great idea of the significance of the fact, that the absence of the wedding-ring is causing the young mother a great deal of sadness, she contrives by a quaint expedient to procure the desired luxury. Rebecca is at that time supposed to be about thirteen years of age, and Miss Taliaferro has the advantage of being able to look quite as young as that during the first three acts. She meets a young man whom she calls "Mr. Aladdin," because he seems to be a sort of fairy prince, and when she tells him that her chief trouble is that she wants a wedding-ring he is rather staggered for the moment. However, her explanation clears the air at once, and the young man being one of the good sentimental sort, produces his late mother's wedding-ring from a pocket over his heart, and gives Rebecca that for the pious end she has in view. The story is told very daintily, and it has a delightfully human quality that is not its least recommendation. Miss Edith Taliaferro has the advantage of being very pretty, and a very talented young lady besides; and when she grows up, as she does in the last act and marries the young man whom she has always regarded as her fairy prince, you feel that in spite of our sternly practical modern ideas, the age of dear romance is not yet dead.

Sketches by Norman Morrow

Rebecca's maiden aunts, Miranda and Jane, are a couple of entirely lovable old ladies, more especially as they are far from being free from the failings of their kind. Playgoers who are fond of good acting should not miss the scene in the Stage Driver's kitchen, where Rebecca runs for shelter when the lectures of her Aunt Miranda begin to get on her nerves. Mr. Archie Boyd, who is Jeremiah Cobb, the Stage Driver in question, is an accomplished actor, and his efforts to avoid a "scene" with Rebecca at supper-time when she threatens to burst out crying at the memory of her juvenile wrongs, form quite an instructive lesson in dramatic art.

"A SCRAPE O' THE PEN"

AT THE COMEDY THEATRE

THOSE entitled to speak with authority have assured us that it is more difficult to live up to a great reputation than to make one. It may be that Mr. Graham Moffat is now realising the force of this contention in respect of his latest play, which can hardly be said to be an improvement on the eternal "Bunty." Mr. Moffat's reputation as an actor, however, loses nothing by his performance as Mattha Inglis, an elderly farmer who is for ever bickering with his equally elderly wife. The part is well conceived and wonderfully well acted. Inglis is one of the dour old Puritan breed, with a keen eye for the sins—of other people. One of his habits has been to read a chapter of the Bible through every day; and when, in the course of years, he has exhausted the supply, he begins once more at the beginning and repeats the exercise without missing a line.

On the night of New Year's Eve (when the events of the play occur), the chapter due for reading is the sixth chapter of the first book of Chronicles, which deals with the genealogy of the sons of Levi, and consists for the most part of the bald statement that some person with an unpronounceable name begat his similarly afflicted posterity. In spite of the mild protests of Mrs. Inglis, the old fellow gropes his way doggedly along, until finding his wife asleep for the third time, he shuts the book with a loud noise and announces that he will read no more. I suppose it is a sign of the times that the Bible should have become an aid to mirth, since the laughter during the reading of the weird names was quite riotous.

SKETCHED AT THE COMEDY THEATRE BY NORMAN MORROW

The thin thread of a plot runs through what is otherwise only a collection of scenes of peculiarly Scottish life and character. Inglis's son once went through a form of "marriage" with Jean Lowther—just a scrape of the pen on a piece of paper. She imagined it only a betrothal ceremony, especially as the young man went away to South Africa immediately afterwards, and was not heard of for seven years. However, although he turns up again after Jean has become really married to a worthy and prosperous bailiff, the difficulty is nicely smoothed over, so that it may not encroach upon the scenes required for the development of the many quaint characters in the play. There is Geordie Pow, for instance, who comes to borrow a frock coat to wear on his wedding day. Apparently, the only use for a frock coat in those parts is on the occasion of a wedding or a funeral, and it is hardly worth while becoming the exclusive proprietor of a garment that may never be needed a second time.

Another strange character is Peter Dalkeith, who having developed a chronic condition of melancholy has obtained a remunerative post as chief mourner at funerals. Peter walks through the play with a deep white band round his hat, though since he has so little to do with the story he is perhaps a trifle too much in evidence. The joke is peculiarly Scottish, and for all I know to the contrary it may be a very funny one; but like most jokes it can become thin from over-use.

A "Gipsy" in Mufti

Photograph *Rita Martin*

MISS DORIS STOCKER

One of the pretty gipsy dancers in "Gipsy Love" at Daly's Theatre, whose popularity with the portrait-photographer is as continuous as it is deserved

In the second act the village assembles to celebrate the arrival of the New Year, and the curtain falls

on a joyous rendering of "Auld Lang Syne." It is all excellently done—but it is not drama. To add to the quaintness of the story, the costumes are those of the year of grace 1875, when the ladies, for reasons that no man can fathom, decided that it would add to their personal charm if they wore exaggerated bustles of the kind known, I believe, as "dress improvers." The contrast of then and now is the more striking because of the total and sometimes very marked absence of any embellishment of the kind in the feminine attire of the present moment. *A Scrape o' the Pen* is worth seeing if only for the excellent acting of Mr. and Mrs. Graham Moffat.

AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S

"ART AND OPPORTUNITY"

THIS is a play which is really a play. In construction it follows the most approved modern methods; and there is never at any time the faintest suggestion of an appeal to the gallery. Mr. Harold Chapin, the author, writes just as a technical expert in one of the learned professions writes a manual of his particular craft: he assumes the acquaintance of the student with the elementary stages of the subject. There is no superfluity in the dialogue. Every phrase seems to have been carefully weighed, as if the plan were to express the greatest number of ideas in the fewest possible words. This method of writing is of course ideal for the library; but I am not altogether sure that it is equally suitable for the theatre, where audiences are necessarily of the kind known as "mixed." To be sure there is Miss Marie Tempest to give a lively interpretation of the author's cleverness and wit; but it is, I think, less certain that the general public will appreciate an excellence which impresses one on the whole as being somewhat mechanical.

Pauline Cheverelle is a widow, and she more than justifies the late Mr. Weller's caution in respect of her kind. Having become engaged to the son of an Earl, and finding herself more than *persona grata* to the Earl himself, she decides with a cleverly artificial display of sincerity to throw over the son on the ground of disparity of age, and to set her cap at the father instead. In due course she throws over the Earl also, and puts the distinguished family into a state of desperate excitement as they wonder which of them she is going to conquer next.

The Earl's elder brother has the misfortune to be a Duke, and his grace is reduced to a state of something like panic as he realises that this fascinating widow, being once more free to contract an alliance, may be positively threatening his noble self. The humours of this part are very nicely accentuated by Mr. Graham Browne, though I can only hope that his strange taste in clothes does not represent the prevailing fashion among noble dukes. As it happens, Pauline decides finally to marry a young M.P.; though, for myself, I cannot consider the sincerity of a lady who can fall in love with a Member of Parliament as absolutely convincing. Still, as someone has happily said, it takes all sorts to make a world. The story is a very slight one, and after a while the manner of its ending may be without difficulty anticipated. This, however, is possibly an expression of the author's natural contempt for mere plots.

Pauline Cheverelle's character is a complicated affair. At one moment she is a businesslike adventuress whose design is apparently to stalk down the wealthiest quarry she can find, and at another moment she is a dainty thing of sentiment, and tearfulness, considering, as the poet says, the world well lost for love. The charm of the play lies in its highly polished dialogue, and its occasional flashes of wit and philosophy which are presented as if they were nothing out of the ordinary, but just the kind of thing you would expect from anyone, don't you know. Miss Tempest is supported by an extremely able company; and if there is any demand to-day for plays of an exceptionally high quality, *Art and Opportunity* should enjoy a liberal measure of success. JINGLE

Sketches by Norman Morrow at the Prince of Wales's

THE MAN IN HIS MONOGRAM

NO. II. OF AN ORIGINAL SERIES OF CARICATURES

In the above sketch the initials of the name and title of a famous soldier are so designed as to form his likeness. If you are in doubt

WHO IS IT?

as to his identity see next week's issue—also for No. 3 of the series. To assist identification, the reader is advised to hold it at arm's length

The subject of the Caricature contained in No. I. of this series, published in our last issue, was Mr. Lloyd George

BY PHILIP BAYNES

The Bystander in PARIS

THE FRENCHMAN'S DISLIKE OF FRESH AIR

"Un Courant d'Air"

When you get into the French railway carriage the first thing you do is to open all the windows. There are four of them, two big ones and two little ones. Then the pretty girl in grey sails past your carriage door, though you looked as interesting as you could; and the first man or woman who gets in after you goes systematically round the little padded cell and closes all four windows up again. If he, or she, has any fragment of the ancient *politesse française* left you may hear a murmured apology. But whether apologetically or otherwise you are perfectly certain to hear something about a *courant d'air*. A *courant d'air*, as your fellow-passengers in any public vehicle in France talk of it, is just fresh air, *et voilà tout*. It's a funny thing that Frenchmen should have been the pioneers in motoring, and aeroplaning, for nine Frenchmen out of ten and 99.9 Frenchwomen consider fresh air as the enemy.

The Taxi-Cabman

The other day I took an omnibus. It was a wet day, and taxi-cabmen in Paris on a wet day make holiday, I fancy. Anyhow, every empty taxicab which passed was driven by a free and independent citizen whose only answer to a wild and bobbing appeal from my umbrella was a cheerful "*Pensez vous?*" If it were not for their finger nails, I should have made my mind up long ago that Paris cabmen were millionaires who were driving cabs for pleasure. The unanimity with which they refuse to take fares when they can get them, and cruise about looking for them when they can't get them, is one of the wonders of Paris. After five cabmen had said "*Pensez vous*," a sixth was ruder still. "*Penses tu mon coco blond?*" is what he said. I am not blond—what there is left is black and white, if the BYSTANDER'S business manager will pardon this involuntary advertisement of Messrs. Buchanan. Somebody behind me tittered, she showed a fraction of a neat ankle, and I followed her into an omnibus.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR

An interesting meeting took place at the Swiss manœuvres between General Pau, of the French Army, and the German Emperor. The famous general, who, as may be seen in the photograph, lost his right hand when serving as a lieutenant in the great war of 1870, was the bearer of a greeting from President Fallières

How to Become Unpopular

Now an omnibus on a wet day is, not to put too fine a point on it, rather smelly in any country. I let down a window and became so unpopular that it had to go up again. That is why I am very much amused at an official circular which has just been issued for the proper control of *courants d'air* in Paris omnibuses. "When the temperature is superior to 20° Centigrade," says the circular, "all the windows are to be opened except the first window to right and left of the first-class half of the omnibus. Between 12° and 20° the two first-class windows are to remain closed; the other ones to be open on one side of the carriage. The ventilators on the side are to be open, the ventilator on the front is to be closed." There are eight pages of these regulations. I can see that we shall all have to buy pocket thermometers before venturing into a Paris omnibus in future. What a charmingly free and Republican country we live in, don't we, in this Third Republic of which the real autocrat is that well-known politician Monsieur Raide Tête, a cousin of C. Rymson Taype, Esq., of London.

Society Slander

I suppose one of the principal reasons that we have no acute womans' rights agitation in Paris is that everybody talks so much about the right they have to do this, that, and the other, that people are very tired of the question. The Parisienne has most rights anyway. But one of them was rather severely curtailed a few days ago. Several of the dear things were sipping tea and crunching what they call "des toasts," when one got up to go and said, "Yes, I agree with you that he is a charming man. It is a pity he should have had such an unpleasant adventure, isn't it?" Of course, she held the floor at once, for everybody knew X. "Oh, yes," she said, "he has done six months for fraudulent bankruptcy." And it rained "*ma chère*" for five full and exciting minutes. The proper thing for X. to do would have been to call out the lady's husband, but he is a prosaic person, and he summoned her before a magistrate. The magistrate sentenced the lady to pay the man whom she had slandered a small sum by way of damages, and threatened her with a criminal action if she began again! She is a very well-known Society lady, the sharpness of whose tongue is greatly appreciated, and if the courts continue this indiscreet form of interference with the liberties of the citizeness in Paris Society; who knows? We may have hammers popping out of little bags and charming Parisiennes becoming acquainted with food pumps *a l'anglaise* after all.

The Place for September

FAMOUS CONTINENTAL ACTRESSES IN VENICE—THE PRESENT RESORT OF "LE MONDE"

MLLE. ELEONORA DUSE AND MME. RÉJANE IN A GONDOLA AT VENICE

This year Society, both at home and abroad, has decided that Venice is the one place in which to spend September. Among those who are making Venice their goal for this month are Lady Helen Vincent, Miss Muriel Wilson, Lord and Lady Anglesey, Lady Cunard, Mrs. J. J. Astor and her son, Mr. Vincent Astor, and Mr. Anthony Drexel. Our illustration is from a photograph showing the two well-known actresses, Mlle. Eleonora Duse and Mme. Réjane, both of whom are also well-known figures in Italian and French Society circles

Mr. Lloyd George's Blush

She speaks English perfectly, and she met Mr. Lloyd George at Marienbad, so you can see for yourselves what a woman of fashion she is. They were playing a foursome at golf. L.G. did very well, although his partner, the lady above-mentioned, left him some very awkward lies. "The worse the lie is the better you seem to like it, Monsieur le Ministre," she said. And she declares that Mr. Lloyd George actually blushed. "I suppose," she said, when she was telling me the story, "I must have made an *à peu près*" (which is the French for pun). I said she had indeed.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

The Bystander IN BERLIN

THE ALL-PROVIDING UNIVERSAL STATE

When in Trouble

ONE of the advantages of being a German is that when in trouble you can apply to the State. The State plays the miscellaneous rôle of the British policemen. Like the policeman, it's nominal function is only to preserve order and security; but like the policeman it goes much farther; and comes to the assistance of all feeble and incompetent persons who cannot cross the street of life without a guide. Whenever a German has a grievance or a wrong, or imagines he has, he flies to the omnipotent State, and begs for help.

—Worry the State

All German classes worry the State. The agricultural classes worry it most. For a long time the agricultural classes worried the State to defend them against the vicious capitalistic classes; but now the small agriculturists are worrying the State to defend them against the big. The small ones say that their economic interests are against the interests of the big; and they want all sorts of special laws, exemptions, easy credit, and general coddling. Otherwise, they say, they'll be ruined.

Demoralisation

The big landowners say they are being ruined by High Finance. They hate High Finance more than the Socialists hate it. They believe that Finance is an enemy of agriculture. Some years ago they worried the State with success; and the State passed in their interest a Bourse Law which helped the large landowners, and utterly demoralised Bourses. It demoralised the Produce Exchanges so much that most of them shut up shop.

A Reason for Kindness

Naturally the small shopkeepers are begging the State to come to their assistance against the big. The big, say the small, are too enterprising; they make money, and we don't. That is unfair. Help us and hinder them. In England the State would reply: That is your own business; why don't you, too, open big shops? But the kindly German State responds. It responds because the vote of a small shopkeeper is as good as the vote of a big one; and there are fifty times more small. The State, therefore, flopped down a heavy special tax on all big shops that trade in miscellaneous goods and let the small shops free.

Betwixt two Fires

At about the same time the skilled trades discovered that they were being ruined. They asked the all-providing State to revive the mediæval guilds, and to forbid men to work as cabinet-makers, plumbers, goldsmiths and so on unless they belonged to guilds, passed examinations, and paid fees. This would exclude all new competing workmen. The all-providing State compromised. The competing workmen have votes, and there are more of them than there are complainants, so it decided not to do all the complainants asked. However, it set up quasi-guilds with the right to examine, and it restricted the right of taking apprentices. This had the aim of hindering competition in the skilled trades.

Lastly, the Theatre

Just now the theatres are applying to the kindly State. They say they are all going bankrupt. The vicious, immoral, sensational, vulgar, kinematograph, they say, has ruined the theatre. Thirty theatres were lately closed and 1,900 men were thrown out of employment. The theatre men want the Prussian State to tax, regulate, and restrict the kinematograph out of existence. The kinematographs will retort with a demand that the State prohibit theatres. The theatre, they reason, is a tiresome, out-of-date show; and were it not for its vicious persistency, the regenerating kinematograph would girdle the earth. It is nice living in a land where the State helps everybody. The only trouble is that whenever you help one class you mortally offend another.

A SIGNIFICANT MEMORY OF THE KAISER'S SWISS VISIT

His Majesty's chat with the South African General Beyers—probably on the question of the sort of National Army best suited to the needs of the sub-continent. That such a talk can take place to-day without any suspicious press comment shows how very far history has travelled since the beginning of the century

The Scenic Side of Mimic Warfare

PICTURESQUE PEEPS AT THE CAMPAIGN IN EAST ANGLIA

A MACHINE GUN OF THE ROYAL SCOTS GREYS TAKING PICTURESQUE COVER FROM THE OBSERVATION OF AERIAL SCOUTS

THE DORSET REGIMENT (BROWN ARMY) FIRING FROM THE COVER OF BRACKEN IN A PINEWOOD AT THETFORD

BATTLE OF HEYDON: THE QUEEN'S BAYS DEFENDING THE VILLAGE OF FOWLMERE

Special interest attaches to the manœuvres in East Anglia, in that they are being held over that part of England which is most likely to be the scene of the much-talked-of German invasion should it ever take place. The importance, therefore, of our troops becoming thoroughly acquainted with this portion of the country they may be called upon at any moment to defend, cannot be sufficiently emphasised. An outstanding feature of these manœuvres is the part taken by the Aerial Scouts, whose observations prove most useful

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Tempting Prey for Capitalists

RAJAH BROOKE'S LITTLE STATE OF SARAWAK IN JEOPARDY

KUCHING—THE GAOL AND SQUARE TOWER

THE MAIL BOAT "KUCHING" AT THE LANDING STAGE

KUCHING VIEWED FROM THE RIVER

CARPENTER STREET, KUCHING, SHOWING THE POLICE STATION ON LEFT

Speaking recently at the triennial meeting of the Sarawak State Council, Rajah Brooke referred to the future position of the country. He hinted the fear that at his death the intrigue to deprive Sarawak of her independence might bear fruition, and that, though nominally under the direct control of the British Colonial Office, she will actually come into the possession of an international syndicate of financiers, unless some immediate steps are taken to circumvent the intrigue. The country is rich in oil and mineral wealth, while the rubber, pepper, and other cultures are on the increase; and there appears to be good ground for the Rajah's fears. The photographs are of Kuching, the State's principal city

THE BASEBALL

A CRAZE FROM WHICH BRITAIN AS

THE STRIKER
With the Catcher (masked and padded) behind him

THE best thing that can be said, from an English standpoint, of baseball is that it is a more sane game than American football—which is not saying very much. Like American football, baseball is a game the beauties of which can only be appreciated by an American born and bred. With the Americans it is something more than a game; it is an obsession more widespread and more compelling even than the cult of professional Association football over here. It is their national game; their own invention (though after all it is nothing but an elaboration of the good old game of rounders); and they are so convinced of its super-excellence that they have tried many

A BASEMAN AT ONE OF THE BASES
Every fieldsman wears a padded gauntlet on his left hand which greatly facilitates catching

TYPICAL CROWD OF NEW YORKERS WATCHING BA

L OBSESSION

S BEEN MERCIFULLY PRESERVED

Reproduced, with acknowledgments, from "Leslie's Weekly"

BALL RESULTS OUTSIDE A NEWSPAPER OFFICE

A BASEMAN BRINGING OFF A SMART CATCH

times to educate us up to its transcendental joys—so far without much success. There is, I believe, a London Baseball League, but no one ever seems to hear of its doings, and we have yet to learn whether the alleged baseball boom in Wales will come to anything. To the University and Public School man baseball has never appealed, and I doubt very much whether it ever will; there is too much of the raree show about it for his tastes. No, the truth is that in England we have already as many games as we can do with, and many better games than baseball; for which we have good cause to be thankful. And as long as our home products satisfy us we have no use for the imported article

THE PITCHER

He bowls (or rather throws) full pitches at a prescribed height from the ground

Memories of Venice

SHE (joyously): "SING, 'ENERY, LIKE THE GONDOLAS DO"

BY CHAS. CROMBIE

Bystander Short Story

THE BEAUTY-MAKER

A Tale of the Ridiculous

By Alianora Chevers

THERE once was a man—a maker of Beauty—who formed a notable exception to the rule that a prophet is without honour in his own country.

He was a plain man and an artist; he was also the lover of one-time humble Apple Charlotte—the celebrated Charlotte Villiers whose beauty he made famous by his brush.

As a child she had been nicknamed Apple Charlotte because her cheeks and her hair were red; as a girl the title clung to her, for cheeks, lips, and hair were still obtrusively red, and her laughing face was round and shining. There is nothing more damning than for a maiden to possess a shining skin—pardon! I should have written that nothing *was* more damning, until the Beauty-Maker, with his Magic Brush, made Charlotte's cheeks a theme for poets.

They met first in her father's old-world vicarage garden, and friendship ripening between them, bade fair to mellow into love.

The Master spoke to Charlotte as to his second self, of all that was dearest to him, all that in his eyes was sacred. To wit, Herself, Art, Ambition—Herself, Ambition, Art.

Charlotte noted that she came first with him in all things. In reverent gratitude she set herself to worship at his feet, for Beauty was the desirable goddess that this little country girl set up as her idol, and in her new-found friend she bowed to the Master—the Beauty-Maker.

"If only, oh, if only I were beautiful!" she would sigh, as she jealously watched him quicken blank canvas into glowing life; "I'd give the whole of my life to be beautiful for one short day!"

He would look at her in affectionate concern, his mouth twisted into a tolerant, pitying smile.

"You are Charlotte! Is not that enough?" he would ask with half-laughing tenderness; "Charlotte for ever and ever! Charlotte in this best of good worlds first, and afterwards in Arcady! Charlotte, whom I have known from before the commencement of Time! Beauty is dethroned, and Charlotte has usurped her place!"

His homage flattered her, but did not satisfy; his love touched her and kindled a spark of love in return. Then one day they heard a woman's carelessly contemptuous speech.

"I cannot think what a born artist can see in plain, commonplace little Apple Charlotte!"

Charlotte winced and flushed like a hurt child, like a child turned to her friend with tear-filled eyes.

"What good is your love to me?" she sobbed, foolishly. "It can't make me beautiful. I want to be beautiful!"

He looked at her whimsically. Her tears touched him, her hopeless appeal fired his blood, yet he had humour enough to be amused by the prompt folly of his rash reply.

"You shall be beautiful, since my love can make you so—only wait and see. Apple Charlotte shall be mine—as she has always been, for ever, ever, and ever! The world shall be given another Charlotte, and we can laugh together, you and I, to hear that she is you. Wait!"

Charlotte waited trustfully for another year—for nigh upon two years.

He painted her in the red of the rising sun. Her hair, cheeks, and lips were all kindled into bolder and more glowing shades; the sheen upon her skin was softened, her eyes smiled. The Magic Brush set a dimple here, where dimple had never been; another there, nestling in the baby softness of her rounded chin. The Magic Brush lingered on her hair and seemed to make the morning wind sing in it, the morning sun burn in it, and the light of love glow from it even as it glowed from the Master's heart as he painted her out of herself and into the very incarnation of young, joyous Beauty.

He painted her at twilight. Her aureole of hair reflected back a thousand restless flames from the dancing fire o'er which she was crouching. The flames had scorched her cheeks into crimson beauty, her skin was shining with the ever-shifting reflections. The Magic Brush curved her lips into a smile that was alluring, bewitching. The Magic Brush caressed her eyes until they were seductive, mysterious, hauntingly tender. The fire was part of her—the very soul of her, and she its embodiment. The Master spoke through her of that passion which is an all-devouring flame, which kindles and is never quenched, which burns gloriously through life to the eternal afterglow of Love which men misname Death.

It was a frankly pagan picture, and made the Master for ever famous. Under it he wrote, as under the first glaring misconception of his little friend, "Charlotte."

He painted her again and yet again. Sometimes the moonlight contrasted with her hair, and sometimes the cool shimmer of wind-waved corn. She was on all his canvases, and beside her there seemed nothing else.

"She will be famous among all the so-called beauties of the world," he predicted, boldly. No one doubted his prophecy or laughed at his beauty-blindness but rueful little Apple Charlotte. Yet before her laughter had been reverence, and after it came belief.

He came back when to the world she was "beautiful Charlotte Villiers," whom his Magic Brush had made famous. To herself she was a reincarnation of an unreal Charlotte who had existed long ago in the prosaic years before the Master came, created her, and temporarily went away.

To the Master she was Charlotte—plain, vain, but better than beautiful. He was sick of beauty, unreal beauty that had made her into a lie. His starved eyes

(All rights strictly reserved)

hungered for the wholesome plainness of her ruddy, childish face. He was weary of art, and wanted only Charlotte.

"Tell me!" she insisted, when he diffidently urged his love. "Tell me. I am beautiful, am I not? Everyone says so but you. I want to hear it from you, for you were the first who understood and interpreted."

He took her hand, and held her eyes with his eyes. She was plain, and he was plainer still; they were just a dull uncomely couple whom the gods, in their mercy, had thoughtfully created for one another. The man had long realised this, and had hoped that the sublime fact was known also to ridiculous Apple Charlotte.

"I'm listening," she said, gently, confidently.

"You have never been beautiful," the man who was amusing her gods and his was rash enough to state. "The world thinks you so, but then the world is mercifully full of credulous fools to whom I dictated with my brush. The brush deceived them, lied to them. I do not intend to lie to you. You are Charlotte—my quaint, rosy-cheeked, lovable Apple Charlotte. You have lived in my heart. Beloved, whilst your false self claimed the admiration of the public. You are not beautiful, thank God! for if you were you might be a masterpiece of Nature, or perchance of Art—but you would not be my Charlotte!"

. . . . . .

She benefited by marrying a very young man who thought her as beautiful as one of her own exquisite pictures, and who afterwards wasted years in the unavailing wish that he had considered goodness of more worth than mere perishable loveliness. This was topsy-turvily unjust, for Apple Charlotte continued as uncompromisingly good as she was plain.

The Master went back to his Mistress Art with a whimsical contempt for his folly—past, present, and to come. But his love still made beautiful the woman who had rejected him.

His Magic Brush interpreted her, year in, year out, in childhood, in freshest youth, in maturity, and presently in death when that best of good friends claimed her.

She lives to fame as the lovely Charlotte Villiers, whom the Master unavailingly loved. She lives depicted as Dawn, Noontide, Twilight, as the Spirit of scented, mystical Midsummer Night. She lives in Sunshine, in Laughter, amidst the ever-bright flowers of Arcady. She lives in Spring and in Summer—in Autumn, with autumn's ruddy apples gleaming behind her head. She lives in Love itself, deathless, featureless, sexless—a little cloud-veiled figure rising triumphantly at last through the crimson glow of the evening sun to the joy of the afterworld, with the dying sheen of the sun itself forming the radiant glory of her hair.

To the Master's credit be it said that he lied with his brush only, and not with his heart or lips. He was true to Art and an ideal, yet still more true to a reasonless affection for an unreal creature who had seemed to exist for him in bright happy days e'er he "discovered" Charlotte Villiers. In his hazy artist's brain remained a vision—dim, soul-satisfying, frought with languorous pain.

An old vicarage garden, the glow of the autumn sun setting straight in his dazzled eyes, flower-sweet scents, a flower-bright world alight with laughter, youth, and love; a girl who tip-toed to gather ripe apples from a southern wall.

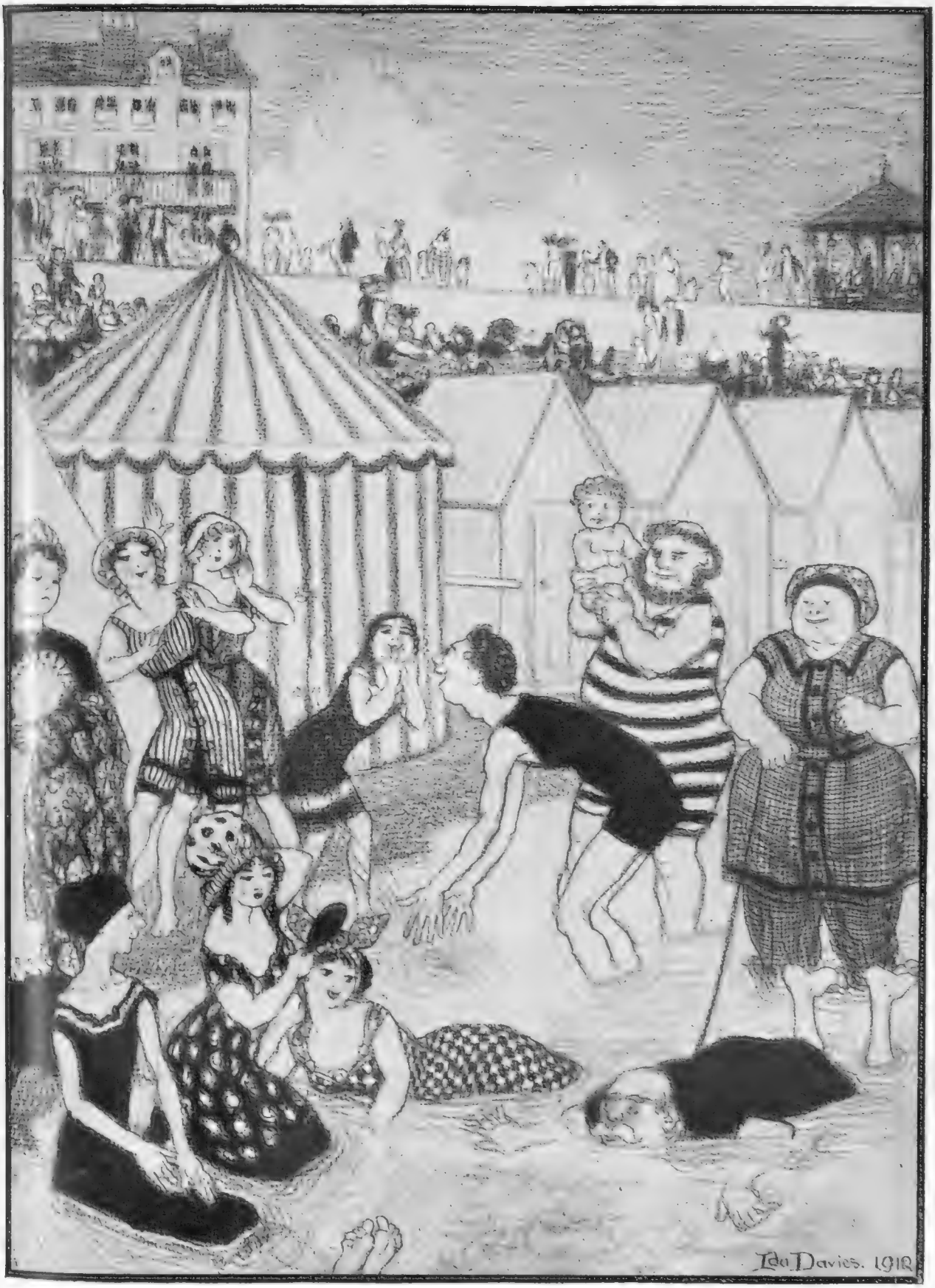
Not Charlotte Villiers, but little Apple Charlotte whom his love made beautiful. ALIANORA CHEVERS

"SUNT LACHRYMAE RERUM!"

Stranger (having just gained shelter): "By Jove, just got caught in the worst of it—hasn't been coming down like this long, has it?"
Previous arrival (dreamily): "Long? I really couldn't say, Sir; we've only been staying in this neighbourhood six weeks!"

BY HOPE REED

The Mixed Pleasures of Mixed Bathing



In the above sketch, made by a draftswoman with a novel method, a quaintly realistic impression is given of that most mixed of all forms of enjoyment—mixed bathing

BY IDA DAVIES

Photograph *N. P. G.*

THE BYSTANDER AT THE SERPENT'S BATH

TO those who have no knowledge of the German language, the name Schlangenbad is a curious sounding word; to those who speak German, however, it means the serpent's bath, and they at once begin to wonder why a Bad frequented by the great from all corners of the earth should bear such a name. There are two explanations.

When the weather is fine (this year, alas! so rarely), and the visitor wanders up the mossy paths under the canopied boughs of these wonderfully wooded slopes, the little Bad can be seen from the height nestling like a beautiful multi-coloured serpent in the bosom of the wonderful Rhine Valley. This valley, with its wealth of green, bathed in those beautiful uncertain blues I admired so in the East, the vineyards of Rauenthal, the sky, the long, long expanse of uninterrupted nature is marvellous to behold—but people don't come here to see the landscape; they come in quest of beauty.

Unless visitors are warned beforehand of the other reason for the name of this Bad, it comes upon them as rather a disagreeable surprise. The magic tranquillity of the scenery almost immediately invites one to climb—one walks along the many deserted but beautiful paths. There is not a sound. At times the silence is terrifying, till suddenly through the forest trees, rustling the dead leaves as it comes, appears a black and yellow serpent. There are many of them in the woods. If with your umbrella you lift the miniature 'bus-driver's umbrella fungus, there, too, is a tiny serpent taking shelter. In and out of the grass they glide, these beautifully coloured, harmless reptiles, and to them one is indebted for the supernatural quality of the water. I am not enough of a scientist to know exactly what healing virtues has the body of a serpent, nor whether these waters here can give to woman the blessed gift of beauty. We women have faith and hope for the best.

The Schlangenbad legend has it that for years these waters were not known to possess any healing virtue. The secret was discovered in a very roundabout way. A poor calf, so thin that its bones almost worked their way through its unhealthy hide, had been abandoned by its mother as dead, when suddenly, weeks after, it appeared among its kind with a soft glossy hide, the finest animal of them all. Then it was that the herdsman watched it, saw it went daily to the spring to drink, and advised his dying sister to follow the animal's example. She did so, and a complete cure was effected. Whether there is a grain of truth or not in this legend matters little. This water, without exaggeration, is the finest I have so far experienced. To drink (whatever mineral it may contain) it is just cool, pure spring water, but to take a bath is, indeed, a rare delight. If you try it with your hand before taking the plunge and rub your wet fingers together they are as if covered with satin, and to bathe here is like bathing in warm liquid satin.

The patients who come here suffer principally from nerves. The water soothes them, but what is still more delightful, it washes away all imperfections from the skin and sends you back to your native land with something of its satin as bloom on your cheeks. From these waters is made a soap, and also what is called "a celestial cream," one touch of which should be sufficient to take away any ache or irritation.

As might be expected, now I have discoursed on the virtues of the waters, this should be an Adamless Eden. But men are here. When first I arrived I attributed their presence to a natural desire to be with their wives, to prevent their being lonely during the intervals between the baths and water-drinking and music. But the mind of man is difficult to decipher. Without being a man-hater, without wishing in any way to misjudge them, I imagine they may simply argue with themselves thus: "What is good for my wife ought to be good for me"—men are so generous when it pleases them to be so. And so their virtue gets the credit of giving to their wives that devotion they swore they would, whereas, in truth, are they not just running the risk of becoming a little more handsome themselves?

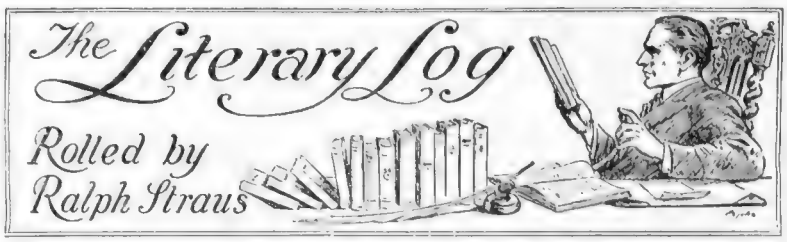
There are not many English and American *kurgäste* here; probably they would find the amusements of Schlangenbad too limited to justify their taking a serious *kur*, in spite of the prize of beauty that is held out to them. Few of us or our American cousins remain long enthusiastic about a fairyland of trees and mossy paths, and the calm, beautiful Rhine sparkling in the sunshine. It needs the sentimental German to write lyrics in homage of the wonderful way in which Nature expresses itself here. But there are Russians, many Russians, who year after year return to the baths which have benefited them in the past. At the Hotel Victoria, the biggest and most comfortable hotel in the place, the Grand Duke Paul and his family are staying. When here they revel in the simple life and the beautiful nature, taking their pleasures like ordinary citizens and interesting themselves particularly in the music. Several of the Grand Duchess's compositions have been performed by the Kur Kapelle.

GRACE ELLISON

Peers Leaving Parliament

(AS THEY DO IT IN TOKIO)

Members of the Japanese Upper House departing after the first session under the new Emperor. It requires a good deal of imagination to picture, say, Lords Lansdowne and Haldane being taken away from Westminster in the same fashion



The Publisher as Author

A BOOKSELLER once told me that he had long ago ceased to look on the books passing through his hands as other than merchandise. I know a publisher who looks on the books bearing his imprint in much the same way. (Of course he would deny this to anyone who happened to be an author.) But other publishers are not like him. Some even read books for pleasure. Some actually write them. Mr. John Lane published Mr. William Heinemann's plays, and only lately Mr. John Murray published an admirable biography of George Borrow written by Mr. Herbert Jenkins, the youngest of our London publishers. And, if you only knew it, there is scarcely a big publishing firm without some kind of author, unknown or famous, attached to it as partner or office-boy, or anything between them. Which brings me to the point.

"Caviare"

Mr. Grant Richards has just published a most amusing and high-spirited first novel, no unusual thing for him to do, and the author is none other than himself. To tabulate the occurrence with due decorum, we have *Caviare* (Grant Richards: 6*s.*), by Grant Richards. Now to many caviare is an evil-tasting black mess, but to the "elect" it is something so delicious that so much as twenty-four shillings a pound is given for it without a murmur. Are we then to suppose that Mr. Grant Richards intends his novel for the elect only? Or is he clever enough to know that nowadays everybody pretends to be elect? I rather fancy that idea is at the back of things, more particularly because the hero of *Caviare* is the Hon. Charles Caerleon, who is the apostle of correctness.

EXTRACT FROM A POPULAR NOVEL
"There was a cry of despair as he sank into his seat"

Universally Successful

If you study his likes and dislikes, you may run a chance of knowing how to become friendly with the *maîtres d'hotel* of Europe, how to gamble successfully at Monte Carlo (this is most useful), how to make considerably over a million pounds within forty-eight hours in New York (this is even more useful), and how to give this sum to your prospective father-in-law with the greatest good-humour. For the amiable Charles does these things, and Mr. Grant Richards goes into all kinds of delicious details about his life with gusto. He also introduces you to Sir Peter Bain, who is worth meeting. There is, I suppose, something of everything, and I for one lost half a night's rest in following Charles's gay and occasionally amazing adventures.

"Bright Shame"

Bright Shame (Stanley Paul: 6*s.*), Mr. Keighley Snowden's new novel, treats of a serious problem which is explained (I confess I needed that explanation) in a final chapter on "rationales." The story is mainly concerned with a boy's discovery of his father. Jacob Tempest and Ruth, his wife, are his reputed parents. Jacob is a hypocritical Puritan, Ruth a true woman with no child of her own. It is only natural that she does not want to part with the boy, but Stephen Gaunt, the real father, claims him—and that, practically, is all. I rather think that the "rationale" at the end overbalances the whole, in spite of fine characterisation and good writing.

The Nephew of Frederick the Great

That extraordinary man, Frederick the Great, and that equally extraordinary father of his, who collected tall men as other people collected snuff-boxes or books, have found plenty of biographers from Carlyle downwards. Now, in *A Mystic on the Prussian Throne* (Mills and Boon: 10*s.* 6*d.* net), Mr. Gilbert Stanhope brings Frederick's nephew and successor, Frederick William II., as well as he can into the limelight. I say as well as he can, for, to speak truth, the chief interest about this fat and rather lazy and unimportant monarch seems to lie in the fact that he was an ancestor of the present Kaiser.

Well Written But Unambitious

You read on through the book quite easily, but the giant figure of Frederick the Great entirely overshadows that of his nephew, and I doubt whether Mr. Stanhope can be said to have done much more than industriously collect such snippets as there were. To justify a biography of this kind, as it seems to me, you must either have had access to wholly new and unpublished material, or put forth a point of view contradicting that of former historians. Mr. Stanhope's book is well written, but does it justify itself? The "mystic," as his hero is called, hardly justified his very existence! He was fond of falling in love with the ladies of his Court, and led one or two campaigns in the field, but what else is there? The book cannot be considered to be a serious contribution to history, and yet, perhaps, it is not meant to be such—rather an unambitious account of the times furbished up to the modern liking for quasi learned and timidly scandalous memoirs. In which case, I suppose, it succeeds in passing a not dull three or four hours.

RALPH STRAUS

'Teach without noise of words—without confusion of opinions—without the arrogance of honor—without the assault of argument.'

"Who'd pride himself on intellect whose use so much depends upon the Gastric Juice."—BYRON.

"We can perceive no permanent source of strength but from the digestion of our food."—ABERNETHY.

THE MAGIC OF MASTICATION.

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"There is no doubt that thorough mastication of food solves more therapeutic problems than any other thing that can be mentioned."—Dr. KELLOG.

"Science and Physiology teach that digestion of food can only be satisfactorily performed when there is secretion of the digestive juices, and also that there can be no adequate secretion of these juices where there is inflammation, or from any cause an absence of appetite."—DENSMORE.

"Happy is the man who eats only when he hungers and drinks only when he thirsts."

G. B. Cipriani, Fecit **AUTUMN.** *Engraved by F. Bartolozzi*

"I love to wander through the woodlands hoary
In the soft gloom of an autumnal day,
When Summer gathers up her robes of glory
And, like a dream of beauty, glides away.

"How through each loved, familiar path she lingers,
Serenely smiling through the golden mist,
Tinting the wild grape with her dewy fingers,
Till the cool emerald turns to amethyst."—WHITMAN.

"The consequence of indigestion is, that portions of food are kept waiting, untouched by the gastric fluid, until they begin to undergo those changes common to all vegetable and animal matter when placed in a warm, moist, and confined situation viz., fermentation; the vegetable matter undergoing the acid fermentation and the animal the putrefactive. Strong, healthy stomachs pour out their gastric juice so rapidly and abundantly, that the whole meal is reduced to chyme before the process of putrefaction has had time to begin. . . . . When there is unequivocal disorder in the Liver and digestive organs, it will generally be found that the secretions are unhealthy. They must be daily removed from the alimentary canal in order to take away one source of irritation."—E. JOHNSON. *Life, Health and Disease.*

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URIC ACID OVERPLUS

How It Causes Gouty Suffering

Your body is always wearing out, but if you are in good health it is as steadily being repaired. This never-ending process of tearing down and building up results in a number of waste products, consisting partly of worn-out tissues, and partly of those elements of the food which are of no use as materials of repair. Amongst these waste products the most interesting, albeit the most harmful, is uric acid. Every hour throughout the twenty-four your system is producing a certain quantity of this dangerous uric acid.

Should anything happen to prevent the prompt removal of uric acid, its evil influences very soon begin to make themselves felt.

The accumulations rapidly increase until in the early hours of some morning the unsuspecting victim is suddenly awakened by an agonizing, burning, stabbing pain in the great toe, the ankle or knee. The joint becomes swollen and inflamed, the skin is tensely drawn and shining, and the joint is racked with intolerable pain. This is known as acute gout.

The Spread of Gout

The uric acid accumulations may increase to such an extent as to form hard cement-like masses, which throw the joints out of shape, and lock them up as in a vice. This is known as chalky or rheumatic gout, or rheumatoid arthritis. It is not attended by such intense pain as acute gout, but there is a heavy aching sense present in the affected joint, and more or less inflammation. The solid particles of uric acid may scatter themselves over and force themselves into the muscles, so stiffening the tissues as to cause a sharp, tearing pain on every attempt at movement, or an abiding dull ache which no amount of rest will relieve. When this happens gouty rheumatism and lumbago result. Sciatica and neuritis are produced when the acutely-pointed uratic crystals pierce their way into the delicate nerves like red-hot needles. Kidney-stone and gravel are solid concretions of uric acid, and gouty eczema with all its distressing agony follows when the resistless uric acid burrows into the skin.

The Quest for Relief

A very powerful uric acid solvent and eliminant must be employed to get rid of the uric acid which is the sole cause of all gouty suffering.

Bishop's Varalettes are admittedly the most powerful uric acid solvent and eliminant known. They effect real and lasting relief from all forms of gout by removing their cause entirely. Bishop's Varalettes follow the uric acid into its remotest hiding places, where they rapidly convert it into a harmless soluble compound, which is thus easily washed out of the system.

Bishop's Varalettes are no chance discovery, no empiric remedy. They are the result of many years' investigation into the whole subject of uric acid solvents by an old-established firm of manufacturing chemists with a reputation of over half a century behind them, and enjoying the confidence and support of the medical profession, who have prescribed Bishop's Varalettes for years

Bishop's Varalettes are absolutely safe. They have no other medicinal action than that of neutralising, dissolving, and eliminating uric acid. In fact, their action is chemical, rather than physiological, and there is nothing about them to suggest medicine except the recovery that follows their use. They cannot disturb the digestion or cause depression of the nervous system or the heart.

The Diet Enigma

If you suffer from any of the above-described uric acid disorders, you will be well repaid for the time you spend in looking through the little booklet mentioned below. It describes in detail the mischief that results from too much uric acid in your system, and shows you not only how to recognise the consequences of an overplus of uric acid, but also how to get rid of it.

The puzzling question of gouty dietary is also very fully discussed in this booklet, which sets out in the form of classified lists those foods which should be avoided by and those which are permissible to the gouty. Many gouty subjects will be delighted, if surprised, by the wide range of dainty and satisfying foods from which they can safely make a choice. A copy of this booklet will be sent post free on application to the sole makers of Bishop's Varalettes, Alfred Bishop (Ltd.), Manufacturing Chemists (estab. 1857), 48, Spelman Street, London, N.E. Please ask for Booklet V.

Bishop's Varalettes are sold by all chemists in vials at 1s., 2s., and 5s. (25 days' treatment), or may be had direct from the makers, as above.

GOLF.

The Golfing Tailors of Tooley Street

Thoughts of the immortal tailors of Tooley Street are irresistibly called to mind by the portentous circular recently issued to clubs, with the signatures of the Earl of Kinnoull and Lord Tenterden appended as Chairman and Vice-Chairman respectively of the Executive Committee of the "Golf Club Union of Great Britain and Ireland." I have, to my great grief and deprivation, not been favoured with a copy of this world-shaking document, and for my knowledge of its contents and the purposes of its authors I am indebted to my good friend "The Colonel," who in the columns of the *Sportsman* has expounded them with that humorous touch which is never absent from his delightful articles. So far as I can understand the matter, the new body does not seek to overthrow the rule of the Royal and Ancient Club. Indeed, its aims seem to be rather vague. For the moment it is content to await the result of its appeal to golf clubs in general. Presumably, if and when it has induced the clubs to come in, it will proceed to formulate a plan.

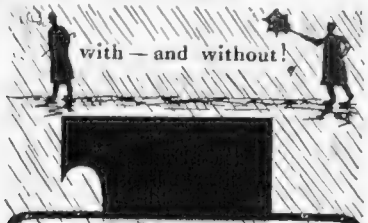
A Grandiose Organisation—

The circular, I understand, was actually sent, among others, to the Premier Club itself, and I have no doubt it was treated by that Club with the consideration it deserved. There is a considerable element of humour in this sending of the circular to St. Andrews, but whether the humour was conscious or unconscious I should not like to decide. Among the aims of this grandiose organisation, so far as they can be said to be formulated, is that of establishing "The Golf Club of Great Britain and Ireland," and of laying out a first-class course. I presume that this super-Dreadnought club will be situated in London, but where this first-class course will have its local habitation has not yet been revealed to an impatient world.

—Which Nobody Wants

As "The Colonel" pertinently remarks, "the curious thing is that a body can be launched, no matter what its aims, without asking the permission of any acknowledged authority." Is this the sequel of those futile articles which appeared last year in *Fry's Magazine*, and which exposed to the ridicule and derision of the golfing world a plan for setting up a "Golf Control Committee"? Or have the noble organisers been stung into rival activity by the ineffable proposals contained in those articles? Seriously speaking, who on earth wants this amorphous and unwieldy body, which has thrust itself uninvited on an indifferent and unruffled golfing world? Echo answers who? I should much like to see the answers, if any, which the senders of the circular have received from the leading clubs. They would make pretty reading, if, indeed, they exist, and might go in as an appendix to the famous "Rejected Addresses." But in the absence of the sea-serpent and the giant gooseberry in this lamentable holiday season, the circular can be welcomed as a novel member of that fabulous family.

ERNEST LEHMANN



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The Causes of Bad Shooting.

How Are You Shaping?

It is just possible that a good proportion of those who intend to shoot during the season of 1912 will have already made a commencement. By now, too, most of them will have formed some sort of idea as to how they are shooting. In some cases they will be quite satisfied and find they are keeping up to the mark, while others may discover they are not performing as they would like to do or really are capable of doing. Then, too, there are many who never seem able to advance a step, and so remain all their lives very indifferent and unreliable shots. So far as the first class I referred to are concerned there is nothing to be said, but as regards the second division, *i.e.*, those who are grumbling and worrying over their inferior performances, I wonder if it ever strikes them that their failure is owing simply to defective eye-sight. Perhaps one eye is stronger than the other, the left may be the master eye, and if so and nothing is done to counteract this defect, the gunner will go on shooting badly and gradually get worse.

Defective Eyesight

Defective eyesight is one of the chief reasons why men shoot badly, and yet it is a complaint that can be rectified. How many men go to an oculist to have their eyes tested? I should say precious few, at any rate until they find reading a trouble, or something flagrant arises which forces them to go. We think because we fancy we see all right that our eyes *must* be right. Just the same way that because we do not have toothache, every tooth in our head must be sound. I am pretty certain that if every man who is shooting badly would just go and consult an oculist, he would find out things he little suspected. Then when the oculist has told him exactly the state of his vision, and perhaps induced him to wear spectacles when shooting, he will begin to realise why he did not shoot well before. He is able then to tell his gun-maker exactly the state of his eyes and the maker can alter his guns accordingly—in cast-off, or raising the barrels, and in other ways, which will make an enormous difference, and bring matters back to the normal.

The Ill-Fitting Gun

I speak from experience, and I know so well what a depressing thing it is to find oneself shooting badly. On the other hand, it is quite delightful to find that thanks to the smallest trouble on our own part, the difficulty is got rid of and confidence restored. To lose confidence in oneself in shooting is fatal, nothing is worse, and this feeling grows horribly, and one cannot shake it off. An ill-fitting gun is always responsible for bad shooting, yet I dare say a large proportion of poor shots are such simply because their guns do not fit. If the eyesight is made right and the gun made to fit I have no hesitation in saying there are few men who need remain poor shots, provided they have the slightest aptitude for shooting.

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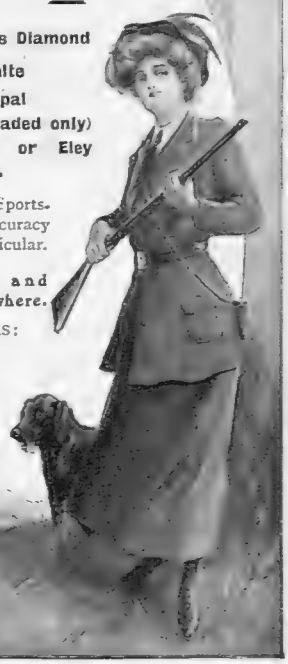

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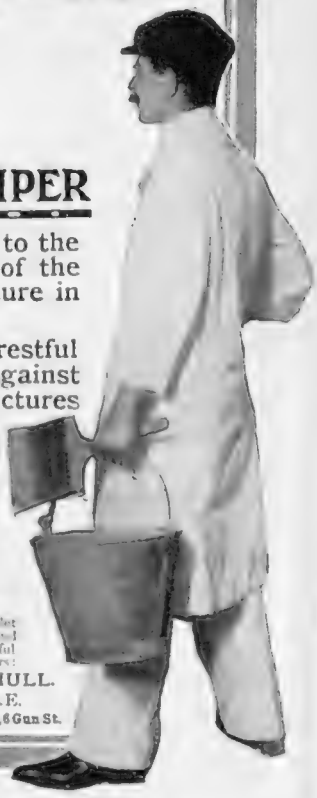

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The PLACE and Its PASTIMES

No. 12
CARDIFF

By Leonard Willoughby

Photograph "*Western Mail*"
RACING AT ELY, CARDIFF: AN EASY WIN

THE LORD MAYOR OF CARDIFF. SIR JOHN COURTIS

OF all the pastimes in the Metropolis of Wales football stands pre-eminently first. Though there are cricket, hunting, swimming, golf, racing, rowing, bowls, hockey, baseball, lacrosse, cross-country running, and a certain amount of lawn tennis and croquet, they all sink into insignificance by the side of the all-pervading love of the inhabitants for football. At the same time it is a sport-loving community, with excellent leaders and many supporters of all pastimes, for there are any amount of facilities for games of every description. It is probable there are some 150 football clubs, both Rugby and Association, in the city and vicinity, and of these about half are Rugby. The Cardiff Rugby Club is about the most famous in the world, having beaten New Zealand, South Africa, and Australia, whilst it was also the club which initiated and developed the four three-quarter system instead of the three. The club is now building new stands for its ground, which when finished will accommodate 44,000 spectators.

There has always been a good town cricket club, which also plays in the Cardiff Arms Park, a ground that W. G. Grace described as being the best pitch in the Isles. The team is a good strong average one, which wins a fair proportion of its matches. Hunting around Cardiff is supplied by several packs of foxhounds and harriers, all of whom meet within easy distance, and at these meets there is always a good Cardiff contingent. There is also a Cardiff Race Club at Ely, some two-and-a-half miles distant, with a steeplechase course of made jumps. Here meetings are held five times a year.

Motoring here is very popular, and motorists increase in numbers. The head quarters of the South Wales Auto Club are in Cardiff, and it represents the Royal Auto Club in South Wales. It is one of the few

Photograph by courtesy of Sir John Courtis Lord Plymouth ["*South Wales Daily News*"

BOWLS: THE LORD MAYOR OF CARDIFF AND THE EARL OF PLYMOUTH PLAYING A FRIENDLY MATCH

Bowls is very popular in Cardiff, and there are a large number of clubs. The Lord Mayor, Sir John Courtis, is a most enthusiastic player, and is seen in the photograph enjoying a game with the Earl of Plymouth, Lord Lieutenant of Glamorgan

Sports That Are Popular in Cardiff

FOOTBALL: A MATCH IN PROGRESS

There are some 150 football clubs, Rugby and Association, in Cardiff and its vicinity

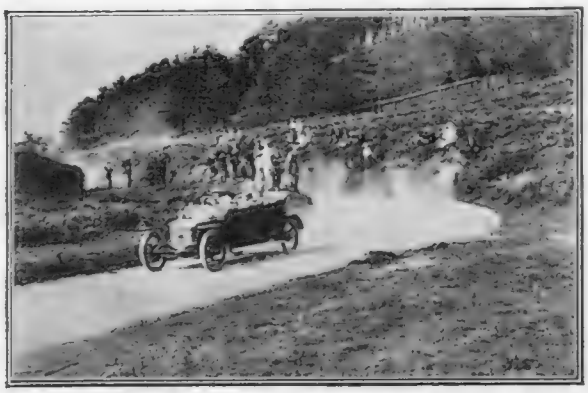
provincial clubs possessing a garage and club house for the exclusive use of its members, who number 140. Mr. J. Thompson Willows, who has been Hon. Sec. since 1903, puts in an immense amount of hard work, and is examiner for R.A.C. driving certificates and international passes for South Wales.

Mention must also be made of the several swimming clubs which use Roath Park, given in 1887 by the late Marquis of Bute, and the Corporation Baths. Water polo is very popular, and amongst the players is Paolo Radmillocio, a prominent exponent who figured in the recent games at Stockholm, helping largely in the English victory there. Golf is played at Penarth, where there is an eighteen-hole course, and also at Radyr. The Penarth club has a large membership, for it is a good sporting course near the sea, with natural bunkers.

DIVING IN ROATH PARK LAKE

POLO: A GAME AT WHITCHURCH

Like most other games, polo has a large following



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MOTORING: HILL TRIALS NEAR CARDIFF

The delightful country in the neighbourhood is ideal for motorists

GOLF: A GOOD DRIVE ON THE PENARTH LINKS.

The Penarth Club has a large membership, and boasts a good eighteen-hole course near the sea

MEET OF THE SOUTH WALES AUTO CLUB IN FRONT OF THE CITY HALL

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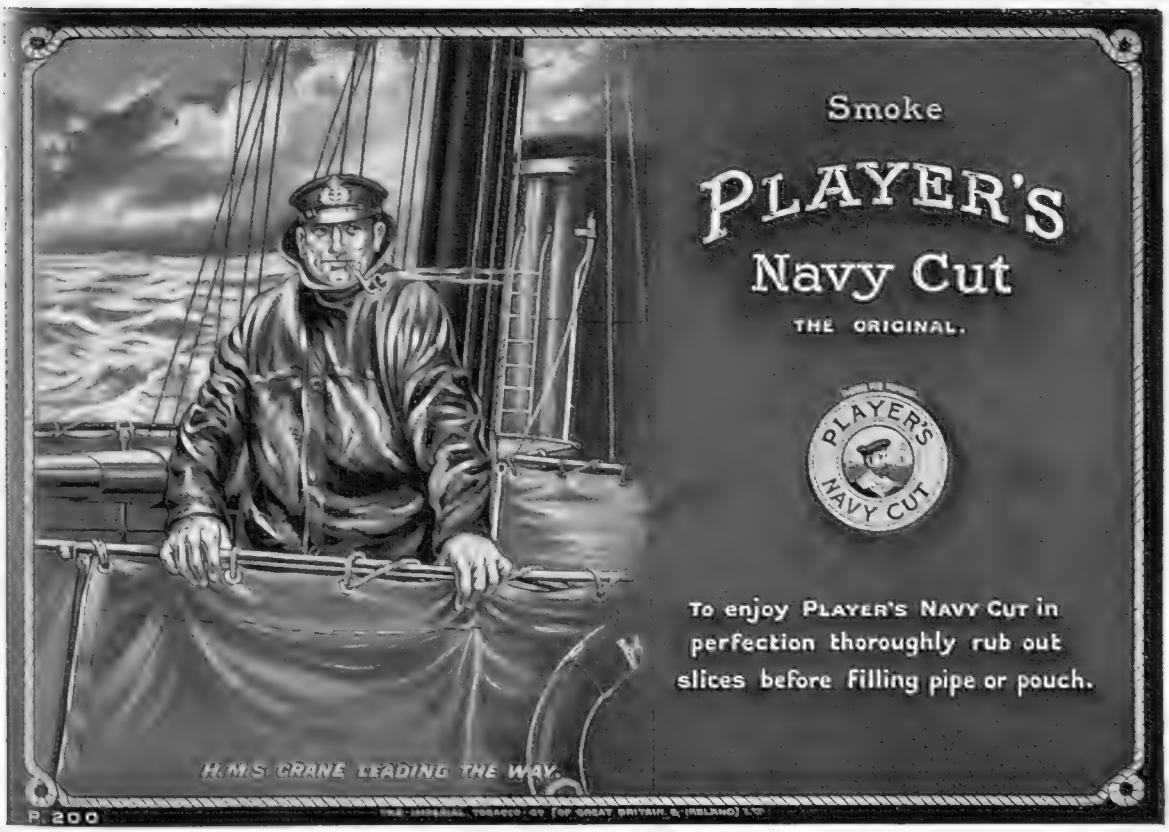


Cardiff and Its Pastimes (concluded)

Rowing is largely indulged in on Roath Park Lake of over thirty-two acres, and the River Taff at Llandaff, and on the sea at Penarth. There are several

ROWING: A COXED FOUR ON THE TAFF
Rowing is largely indulged in on the River Taff at Llandaff, and also on the Roath Park Lake

rowing clubs, which are represented in local regattas in South Wales and West of England. Bowls is very popular, and there are consequently a good many clubs, the pioneer being the Cardiff B.C., with its excellent green in Sophia Gardens.

The Corporation have laid down a number of greens with best sea-washed turf. There are also a number of

WATER POLO IN ROATH PARK LAKE

STEEPLECHASING: THE LAST FENCE
Meetings are held by the Cardiff Race Club five times a year

private clubs, one of the most enthusiastic players being the popular Lord Mayor, Sir John Courtis. Trout-fishing in the lake and in the rivers around is very fair, and there are several good angling clubs. Hockey is also going strong, and the clubs include among their members several Welsh International players. Thus Cardiff, with its 200,000 inhabitants, is not behind any other city in sports and pastimes, which the Corporation do all they can to encourage.

This year, owing to the four days spent in Cardiff by the King, will be a memorable one, and it is fortunate for the city that it possesses in its Lord Mayor one who is not only a sportsman and a supporter of all pastimes, but who himself is a keen bowls player, and was once a useful cricketer. That he has most worthily maintained and upheld the dignity of the capital town of the Principality on this historic

MOTOR-CYCLING: A SKID AT A SHARP TURN
Motor-Cycling is a favourite pastime, and the photograph was taken during the hill trials

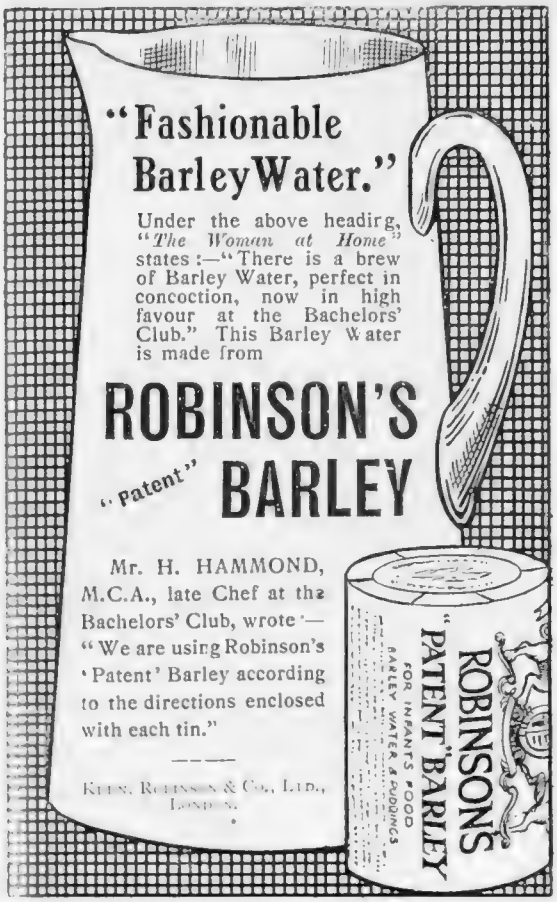
occasion, and during his term of office, is well known, and has added an additional lustre to this wealthy city. The inhabitants of Cardiff are a very sport-loving community, and take a deep interest in their pastimes. Their Roath Park is unique for sports and games, and their country around lends itself thoroughly for every kind of sport.

HUNTING: A MEET OF LLANHARAN HOUNDS
There are several packs of Foxhounds and Harriers in the vicinity of Cardiff

In our issue of October 2 will appear an article dealing with

PLYMOUTH

Which will be the last of the Series



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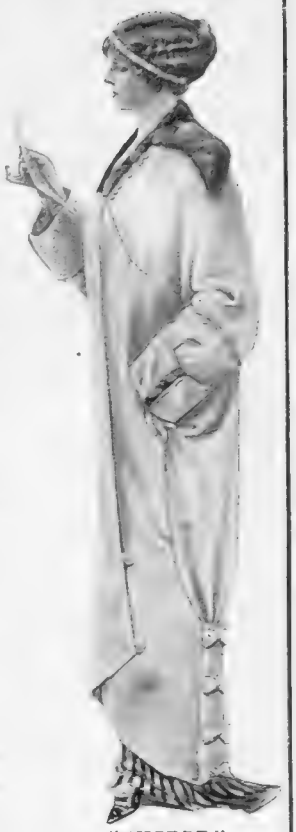

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RACING: Some Likely Doubles. BY CARBINE

Finding the Double

This is a game which occupies the attention of many racing folk at this time of the year. To the uninitiated it may be necessary to explain that "the double" in question refers to the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire, the great autumn handicaps, and what one has to find are the winners of both. I saw a number of tempting little wagers made at Doncaster. A friend took £1,000 to £5 Jackdaw and Wise Symon, and there were others of a similar kind. For my own part I have several times got very near the double, but have broken down on the Cambridgeshire. I remember eight years ago I and my readers had some excitement when Wargrave won the Cesarewitch, for he was the first half of our double, but Delaunay did not complete the hoped-for *coup*. Similarly Verney won the first end for us two years ago, but the second half failed to land our 250 to 1 wager, though we had some glorious hedging.

Suggested Combinations

I have been asked again to suggest a few likely doubles. It will be understood that I am writing a month before the date of the Cesarewitch and six weeks before the Cambridgeshire, and much may happen in the meantime to cause us to change our present impressions. I have been very carefully into the handicap for the long-distance race, and I come to the conclusion that Tootles and Lance Chest are the most likely of those handicapped above 8st. I think the selected of the Whatcombe pair, Irish Marine and Lady Eileen, is bound to be dangerous, and among the lightweights Tara and Winthorpe most appeal to me. It seemed to me that Tara was very unlucky not to win a good race at Doncaster last week, and I take him and Tootles as my two in the Cesarewitch. In the Cambridgeshire we may see a big performance by the top-weight, Whisk Broom, and next to him I take Eton Boy, who had a lot in hand when he won the Royal Hunt Cup. Take these four horses and make the following doubles:

TOOTLES and WHISK BROOM.
TARA and WHISK BROOM.
TARA and ETON BOY.
TOOTLES and ETON BOY.

These are all genuine candidates, and may afford plenty of fun for a modest little frisk.

Selections

The racing in England this week is not of much account, but there will be some good sport at Ayr, the most popular meeting in Scotland. **Jaeger** may win the Scottish Derby on Wednesday, and in his absence I should choose **Fantasio**. On the following day **Eufrosina** or **Forest Lassie** may win the Ayrshire Handicap, and **Wynbury** is my selection for the Juvenile Handicap. On the concluding day **Stolen Cup** may win the Ayr Gold Cup. On Friday **Tara** can win the Royal Borough Handicap at Windsor without incurring a penalty for the Cesarewitch. On the second day **Crown Jewel** may win the Windsor September Handicap.

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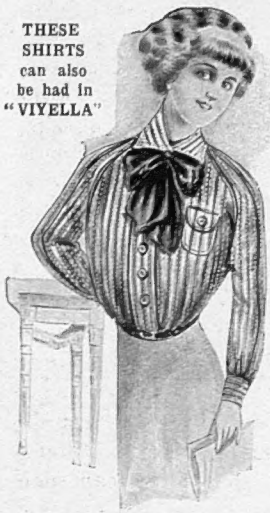

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SERVED IN REFRESHMENT ROOMS AND BARS AT MANY SPORTS GROUNDS, AND IN RESTAURANTS AND CAFÉS.

Of all Chemists and Stores, in Sterilized Glass Bottles, at **1/6**, **2/6**, and **11/-**

Trial size free by post on application.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK COMPANY,
SLOUGH, BUCKS, ENGLAND.

Tailor-Made SHIRTS

We have recently secured the services of an exceptionally clever Shirt Tailor, who has designed a number of very smart Tailor-made Shirts, similar in character to the illustration. All these Shirts are made from High-grade Materials. They are tailor-cut and tailor-finished, and are altogether different from the so-called TAILOR SHIRT, made from extra heavy Pyjama Silk, with stitched turn-down collar and cuffs. Stocked in sizes 12½, 13, 13½, 14, 14½, 15. Also in plain cream and and striped Spunella Silk.

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To special measures, 2/- extra.

Debenham & Freebody
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London.W.

THE LADY: "My chauffeur says that no grooved cover is as good as the

MICHELIN

SQUARE TREAD

which I understand has a price advantage as well."

BIBENDUM: "That is so. The price of our 880 × 120, for example, is £6 7*s.* 9*d.* A grooved cover costs approximately twenty per cent. more; but why it does, with half its tread removed, is more than I can say."

Send for Illustrated Price List.

MICHELIN TYRE CO., LTD.
81, FULHAM ROAD, S.W.

Photograph] THE OPEN ROAD [*Cribb*

Where the car does not score. A Swift prevented from living up to its name by incipient mutton

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

The Pioneers' Price

"If blood be the price of admiralty, Lord God ——." Four of our Army aviators tragically dead in four days. Six since July. Nineteen of our own little British contingent altogether. Heaven only has kept the tally of all those who have fallen outside the ranks of the British. The reaper is taking a terrible toll of our pioneers in aviation. It is ghastly but it is—Kismet. We must pay the price. It will be heavy because mankind never set out upon an enterprise of greater hazard than this of the conquest of the air. The magnificent wonder of it all is that although we have no sure hope of future victory, two men step without hesitation or tremor into the breach for every one who falls, pick up the flag and carry it a little way farther down track of trial and error. We go on because we must; but we cannot afford to be prodigal with the lives of our Army aviators. They are too few. These manœuvres are not war. Aviation under adverse aerial conditions is suicide—or murder. Is it wise to order an aerial reconnaissance without regard for conditions and without thought for the immature nature of the machine? It is fine discipline that secures unquestioned and unhesitating obedience from a man sent out to flout death; but it is easy enough to ask for that when it is war. To kill a man in a sham fight is not sense. It is a waste of a fine life and of priceless material.

The Petrol Problem

"There remains, therefore, only alcohol." Thus a technical contemporary in an article devoted to considering possible alternatives to petrol as a fuel for internal combustion engines. Most certainly I do not agree. There remains alcohol, indeed, but there also remains benzol, which the writer of the article does not even mention. Alcohol is a lively possibility, a *very* lively possibility, if ever it should be available for consumption in the districts of the poor, where conditions are such that the people may well be pardoned for getting drunk. The difficulty of rendering alcohol hopeless for human comsumption has been one of the principal stumbling blocks to the development of potato spirit, or corn spirit, or Mahua tree spirit, as a fuel for explosive engines. Adulterate this alcohol how you will, put it on the market at the price that potato spirit can be retailed (approximately tenpence per gallon), and its redistillation for human consumption as a cheap intoxicant immediately follows. Find a way past that awful obstacle and the rest seems fairly easy. Alcohol becomes at once a desperate competitor with petrol.

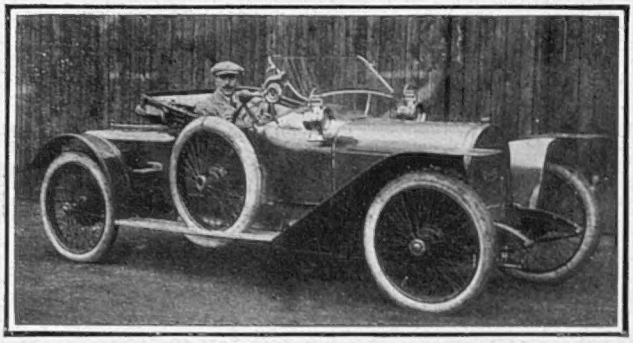
Concerning Benzol

But benzol has the greater possibility. Assuming other things to remain equal, as broadly they are, and this by-product of a by-product of coal has the enormous advantage of being a home product that is at present largely wasted, and of being free from the national horrors of alcohol. The hope that springs eternal has an extra spring to it when we examine its prospects, a hope that can also be shared by the non-motoring patriot. The oil fuel epoch is upon us. The nation's need for its naval defences, its means of road transport, its aerial activities is oil fuel. Benzol may very likely fill the bill. It is, as Diesel pointed out very recently, in our own

soil in bulk equal to all emergencies. While there's coal there's hope. Coal—tar oil—benzol. And experiment stimulated by large profits on the near horizon, has already demonstrated how that which has been largely wasted hitherto can be economically recovered and utilised. Alcohol can be produced from potatoes, but the results are not constant. Mainly it would come from corn and the Mahua tree. That is to say it must be largely imported. The fact that the port of origin was within the Empire would help us as little, if communications were cut, as trustified petrol from an alien port would help us—nothing.

Great Expectations

The acknowledged difficulties apart, both alcohol and benzol, contain the germs of salvation from the crush and extortion of a petrol combine. There is no hope of succour at the hands of the people who at present control our spirit absolutely. They have said with one voice and without excitement that all our co-operative ideas and our bulk-buying will avail us as much as our prayers and tears. "You are getting your petrol quite cheap enough"—that is the fiat of the overlord. Perhaps we are; nor can we blame those who have us in a spirituous stranglehold for taking full advantage of their opportunity. Business is *business*, not benevolence. Therefore, if the opportunity offers, as it seems to offer, we must forge the only weapon that will be the slightest good to us — competition. Alcohol and benzol are the likely competitors. We know both can be used as an automobile spirit. We know both had serious objections; but we also know the objections are less insuperable to-day. We know both can be produced at a price that leaves petrol at 1*s.* 6*d.* hopelessly out-competed. We know the development of either, or both, as fuel, will have a wonderfully impressive effect upon the present cost of petrol. We stand in the gateway of a large adventure. That is why eternal hope makes manifestations within us. It may be only hope, but at any rate it is lively. We have never indulged one with much greater justification. Our motoring organisations may properly drop peddling in petrol prices and concentrate for a while upon alcohol and benzol—particularly benzol.



AN AVIATOR'S AUTOMOBILE

Mr. Valentine's choice for land travel is a 16-24 h.-p. Gregoire, and a very excellent selection too

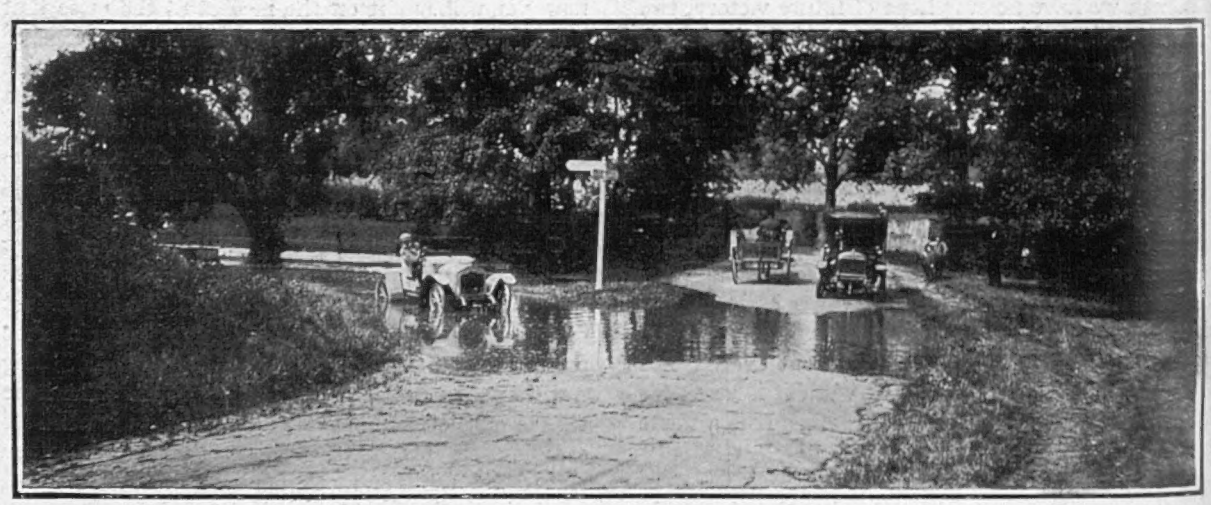
In Compression

Mr. Harry Martin, the famous motor cyclist, always uses Continental Tyres I am informed. The number of records he has broken and the meritorious performances he has to his credit is evidence that he chose well when he chose this tyre.

Vauxhalls have added a Spanish edition of its catalogue to its library. That catalogue must be a famous work. It is now published in English, Spanish, French, Swedish, and Russian. That means shortly that the Vauxhall car is in demand in all the markets covered by these languages. Truly a car for the cosmopolitan cognoscente.

Clean towels, brushes and combs now for members of the A.A. at all appointed hotels. The member carries his own key and takes a glad farewell of the round towel and the common comb. Also of the risk of excema and scurvy. A small thing in itself this latest provision for A.A. members, but of very appreciable benefit.

The ample clearance of Delahaye Cars is one of the reasons of their dustlessness and one of the features which commend these cars to those who value neatness.—Details from H. M. Hobson, Ltd., 16, Pall Mall, London, S.W.



MORE DECORATIVE THAN DESIRABLE

Testing a Rover under difficulties created by soft weather. The road conditions are the undesirable thing—except for the photographer. The Rover "twelve" is easily with the first vehicles in its class, and one of the most desirable small cars editorially handled